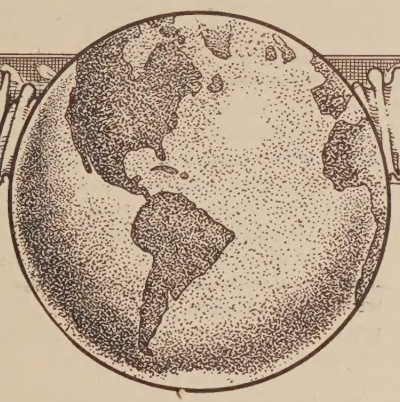
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

March 24, 1923



The Universal

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me the Universal.
In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Engrossed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed Perfection.
Give me, O God, to sing that thought!
Give me, Give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In Thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, withhold not from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space;
Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

(Poem read by Walt Whitman at Tufts College, June 17, 1874.)

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

"Personal liberty ends," says Sherman Rogers, "where public injury begins." This saying applies to everything we do, and not to the use of alcohol only. One puts his mind on it for a moment, and sees that every bit of so-called personal morality belongs to the public. No man liveth to himself. If he is secretly good, he is a benefit to the public; if he is secretly bad in any respect, he is an injury to the public, because that which is in him comes out of him and goes and keeps on going for weal or woe. Morality is a spirit all-pervading. There is no such thing as a hidden sin; either the good or the evil which is done in private diffuses its influence and becomes an element in the air we breathe and live by in public. It all comes out. Let us be good. (*Christian Register.*)

υ λ

The backwardness of all countries which inhibit the freedom of teaching under the Roman Catholic system is a commonplace. The effect of a similar policy in the United States will be none the less pronounced if state universities or denominational colleges are not allowed a perfectly free quest for truth. America ought to become the world's educational center. We have the men and the resources. But we must also have the freedom, which is the fundamental requirement. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

Prohibition fails only in the cities of the Northeast and in certain larger cities scattered throughout the country. Essentially the South, the Middle West and the far West are living under actual prohibition law. . . . It does not follow that, even if enforcement in certain sections should confessedly be impossible for a time, we should therefore repeal a law which is succeeding through the greater part of the country. . . . If a law is good there may be a great gain in having it as a law, even though those supposed to obey it are brought to obedience only through a long period of time. (*New York Globe.*)

υ λ

There are all sorts of menaces. And it must be said that one of them, becoming more and more popular, is the menace of writing about menaces. There is the menace of irreligion, of modern dancing, sovietism, sectionalism, nationalism, internationalism, over-population, under-population, falling prices, rising tides of color. Many of them are portrayed with a high degree of sincerity on the part of their discoverer—and many of them are real. But most of them are stylized. A certain "menaces pattern" is gradually evolving. (*Charles Merz, in New Republic.*)

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Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

PALM SUNDAY COLLECT

"Almighty and Everlasting God, who of Thy tender love toward mankind hast sent Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh and to suffer death on the Cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility, mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THIS actual moral life we live from day to day, out in the world, with all its temptations and trials, work and service, wear and tear, is profoundly significant and of great worth. It is only a human being who can live such a life; he may fail or he may succeed, but, whether he does the one or the other, his actual moral life has great meaning and value. It makes a man of him.

The actual moral life, however, has never fully satisfied any earnest man. He has wanted to be better, to live more deeply, to have a richer inner life, and to achieve a finer moral character than he possesses. His mind has conceived a better life; his imagination has drawn a nobler figure; he has projected his ideal and it has attracted him onwards and upwards. The ideal has played its part in his life as well as the actual. And so the great moralists have created ideal characters, or idealized some actual historical persons, and have urged men to fasten their attention upon these. And the novelists of the modern world have done much the same for us. These ideals or idealized persons have had an immense influence in the lives of men, and have had profound significance. And yet they have not been able to satisfy either the demands of the mind, nor of the hearts. After all, they were the projections of a wish, the creations of the imagination; they were not realities in the life of the race and of the universe. No one could tell whether they were conceived on the right lines and whether, if realized, men would be as good and true and noble as they should be; and, what was more disturbing still, no one could tell whether the universe would recognize and own such lives.

Now the Christian religion has the immense advantage in that it possesses a historical person who is the moral ideal realized. He is more than actual like the rest of us; he is more than an ideal figure like so many "ideal" characters in history and literature; he is the moral ideal made real, the conceived figure embodied, the glorious aspiration of man and the idea of a man in the mind of God incarnated. "One man," as Emerson said, "has been true to the human in us all." The ideal in us is the real in him.

The features of his character which the Church selected as those upon which the minds of Christians should be fastened on Palm Sunday, are his humility and his patience. He is our example of humility. He was a man with the strange ambition not to get up, but to go down, not to grasp after rights and privileges, but to seize upon duties and seek for opportunities to serve; not to care for the prominent place, but to look for the obscure place; not to be thinking of himself, but to be concerned always with other persons. He had ambition, as every strong, eager man has, but it was a *reversed* ambition. We hear much in our day about ambition. It is a favorite subject. But there is not enough recognition of Christ's *reversed* ambition as the true ideal of life. Humility does not attract the average person. It is not highly appreciated as one of the distinctively Christian virtues. Too many think that to be humble is to be humiliated. And yet we see, and can not but be impressed by the sight, that the greater the man, whether in realm of truth, art or goodness, the more humble he is. Humility is an essential element in all true moral and spiritual greatness.

The other feature selected is patience. Jesus is the very embodiment of this difficult virtue. Was a man ever so tried in life as he? And yet how he kept his temper and bore with the treatment he received in a noble way! It is very hard for us to be patient with those whom we love, when they fail us, but how marvelously Jesus bore with his family, and especially with Peter. It is more difficult for a teacher to bear patiently with the slowness, dullness, and sometimes the stupidity of his pupils, but how patient Christ was with his stupid disciples, who so frequently completely misunderstood him. Hardest of all, however, is to be patient with our enemies, but how amazingly patient Christ was with those who brutally treated him. No wonder that he became the example of patience in the Christian Scriptures and in the Christian Church. And if ever the lesson of patience needed to be learned from Christ, especially patience towards enemies, now is the time.

We are not expected to copy the details of Christ's life, but to incarnate his spirit, to have his temper of mind. To act as Christ would act in our situation is the real meaning of his being an example for us. Seneca advised men in his day to keep some great man before their minds. It was good advice, but he did not have the Christ to keep before his own mind or the minds of others. We have the Christ and ours is the high privilege and the great duty to keep him before our minds and in our hearts, and to aid us in doing this there is nothing better than to use daily this collect.

D. E.

* *

THE LIGHT THAT IS DARKNESS

MACMILLAN & COMPANY have just issued a volume by the Rev. Van Rensselaer Gibson entitled "The Faith That Overcomes the World." It deserves attention for what it is not, quite as much as for what it is, and for what it suggests more than either.

Its author calls it studies in spiritual psychology, "a series of studies in deep truths for practical application involving a new synthesis of Religion, Philosophy, and Science, in the last analysis identical with fundamental Christianity, *which alone can produce humanity's transformation.*"

The italics are ours, for the sake of emphasizing the naive futility of the author and hosts of others like him. Between Mr. Gibson's unconscious churchmanship and the crude declaration of the unlettered zealot that everybody who disagrees with him is bound for a literal hell, there is a difference of degree, but not of kind. For what this author and many others mean by fundamental Christianity is an ecclesiasticism that claims supernatural sanction and a theology that assumes science and philosophy to be true so far as, and only so far as, they can be "reconciled" to itself.

The problem that confronts the really modern thinker is exactly the reverse. He finds himself compelled to ask how far the older orderings of life and thought can be reconciled with the new scientific knowledge and the new philosophic understanding. And it is quite probable that in the spirit and speech of Jesus he will tell churchmen like Mr. Gibson that men do not put new wine in old bottles.

* *

"OTHER MEN LABORED; YE HAVE ENTERED INTO THEIR LABORS"

THE name of Dr. E. H. Chapin is an important one in the Universalist denomination. It was he who preached the gospel of good news with such eloquence that men and women gathered in great numbers to hear the message of Universalism.

Yet Dr. Chapin could not have done as much as he did if there had not been the pioneers who came before him and smoothed the way. His friends knew that. Therefore, when a memorial window to Dr. Chapin was placed in the First Universalist Church at Washington, D. C., it was altogether fitting that the figures should be of a sower and reaper, and that the inscription upon the two outside windows should be, "Other men labored; ye have entered into their labors."

The story of the growth of Universalism, as portrayed in Dr. Bisbee's "From Good Luck to Gloucester," reads like a romance. One great fact with which the reader is impressed is that other men labored and we have entered into their labors.

We, who have received much from the past, owe much to the future. It is our duty to hand on the heritage we have received in better condition than we found it. It is our obligation to future generations to maintain and improve the things we have received. An opportunity to do just that task is presented to us now. We are going to maintain and improve the Washington church by building a better one; we are going to do the same in Japan by erecting a Boys' Home in Tokyo. At the same time both enterprises are going to be memorials of our respect for and gratitude to the men and women who labored in days gone by.

H. H. N.

* *

WHY?

THERE are in Federal prisons to-day, more than four years after the end of the war, more than fifty men who to all intents and purposes are political prisoners, while every other civilized country has released offenders of the same class.

Fifty-four bishops of the Episcopal Church, the Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Welfare Council, and many other religious bodies, have urged their release. Representative church papers like *Christian Work, Zion's Herald,* the *Churchman* and the *Christian Century* have editorially urged the same action. Yet the President and the Attorney General remain obdurate. Why?

* *

THE REDISCOVERY OF FELLOWSHIP

FUTURE historians seeking to evaluate the contribution of our own age to the centuries may well stress above all else our rediscovery of fellowship. We hear much in the religious press of ecclesiastical concessions or theological restatements as a basis for possible consolidation of some of our multitudinous sects. So far we have heard little of a movement more fundamental and therefore much more hopeful.

Nineteen hundred years ago, the Galilean took a handful of unlettered peasants and fisherfolk, as poor as himself, and bound them into a fellowship that mocked the Caesar of the thirty legions, lifted the gates of empire off their hinges, and made history forever different. How did he do it? To say that it was by the power of God is to say something meaningless and futile for modern life, unless we mean a power that may be ours, also.

Superficially, the life of the present seems so different from the life of that long past as to imply contrast rather than comparison. Yet the fundamental likenesses exceed the superficial differences, for, as James Russell Lowell remarks, "The amount of human nature to the square mile is about the same the world over." Pharisaism is not so much a historic fact as a mental state. Most of the divisions that separate and the antagonisms that menace grow

ut of our pharisaic belief that some people or peoples, sually meaning ourselves, are essentially different rom, and therefore presumably better than, other eople.

Apostasy is the measure in which any individual r group takes a "holier than thou" attitude. For Universalists neither the Winchester Profession nor he Five Principles is final. Our ultimate bond can e symbolized in two words, "Follow Me."

There are many converging movements of our ay leading to this high unity. Of necessity we must hare them; of right we should lead them.

* * *

A QUESTION FOR MINISTERS

ON the whole we may well be proud of the social vision and leadership of our Universalist ministers. Surely it is more emphatic and courageous than some of our more impatient folk would acknowledge. But at that are we leading as far and as fast as our best laymen are ready to follow?

Recently a big business man talked to a congregation of ministers. From one of them came a letter containing the following paragraph:

> "I wonder sometimes if we clergymen aren't so out of touch with modern industrial movements and so habituated to the old competitive order of things that the world has moved on and left us. It is just a little disconcerting that a layman, a business man, should have a more prophetic vision of a Christian World Order than the men who by calling are dealers in prophetic ideas."

Many of the great religious movements of history both before and since the Layman of Galilee have been led or inspired by laymen. In the coming revival of essential Christianity, and it *is* coming, history may repeat itself. At any rate we are sure the man in the pew is prepared to go farther than some of the men in the pulpit yet realize.

* *

ANARCHISTS NEAR HOME

IT is easy enough to see that the failure of the Herrin jury to convict any of the perpetrators of that massacre or of the Louisiana grand jury to indict those believed to be guilty of the Mer Rouge outrages, is a graver menace to society than the crimes themselves.

But these are not the only, perhaps not the most dangerous, groups of law-defying anarchists among us.

In Boston and New York and Chicago and Washington and a multitude of other places, public officials and leading business and professional men openly flout and deride the Constitution of the United States. Such conduct is far more dangerous than the speech of the soap box orator or even the spectacular violence of the occasional dynamiter.

It was to these respectable and respected anarchists that the judicial section of the American Bar Association, made up wholly of judges, gave the following solemn warning:

> Reverence for law and enforcement of law depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground of life in business and society.
>
> The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic.
>
> When, for the gratification of their appetites, or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, *disobey and scoff at this law*, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery and homicide; *they are sowing dragon's teeth*, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from *reaping the harvest*.

* *

WHAT ABOUT A PEACE SUNDAY?

MOST of our Sunday schools have been accustomed to devote one lesson each quarter to the subject of temperance. Such teaching has been a large factor in developing the collective will that has made the United States the first great nation permanently to outlaw alcohol slavery as it outlawed negro slavery a half-century ago.

But we may well ask if the time has not come to begin to educate our children for a greater, perhaps grimmer, task, requiring all the clear thinking and all the collective will of Christians everywhere. War is the great present menace to our civilization, almost to humanity itself. "We must end war, or war will end us." Why not, then, begin to teach our children in the Sunday school the folly, the criminal stupidity, of thinking in terms of war? Why not set apart a definite time to teach them to think peace, to work for peace, and to learn the greatest of all social lessons, how to live peaceably with all men?

* *

Under the alluring name of toleration, too many ministers are so soft they have lost all moral fiber and intelligent integrity, and are afraid to take sides. The people will not go to church where there is a jelly-fish in the pulpit.

* *

Behold it is easier to eliminate tuberculosis and reduce the death rate than it is to stop the death-dealing auto with the careless driver. The time is not far when instead of sending for the doctor we must call the policeman.

* *

The object of college education is not alone to teach young men how to make a living, but how to make a life, and that is where the colleges are falling down; they specialize on everything except the one thing.

* *

When it costs $20,000 more or less for gasoline to push a little boat around the world, it begins to look as if it might be more economical to trust to the winds of adversity.

* *

It takes a course in the Specialty College of Experience to teach most people that they are fools, which is their fitting for a real college.

* *

There are a great many wild oats sown in the winter which grow and bear fruit, some an hundredfold.

Evangeline Booth, the Beloved Commander

An Interview with Her That Goes Straight to the Heart

Edward H. Cotton

I WISH to tell of battles fought with other weapons than rifles and cannon, of an army organized for other purposes than those of killing and pillage, of officers who command with kindness, of soldiers who fight with prayers, of a commander who has won many notable victories, but never one in which an enemy was humiliated or reparations demanded.

When the inspiration came to William Booth more than half a century ago to organize a force, give it uniforms, officers, music, and military discipline, he could hardly have supposed he was setting on foot one of the most powerful agencies for relieving sorrow and sadness in operation to-day. But it has had its years of persecution; it has traveled *via dolorosa*. The name "Salvation Army" did not always signify what it does to-day, the foremost organization in the world for gathering and salvaging human wreckage. Time was when the soldiers were laughed at, when there were no funds, when the venture was catalogued with those efforts of which it is said, "One more of those ridiculous outbursts; it will be short-lived." What a change! Wherever the blue-and-red uniform goes to-day, honors are paid to it. Large sums are intrusted to it by responsible business men. Its mighty deeds of redemption are heralded far and wide the world around. Take the Salvation Army out of city and town and a cry of distress and protest would be heard compelling its return. The Army has made a place for itself in the community along with schools, churches and other indispensable welfare organizations.

Like all well-organized armies, this army has a capable commander, Evangeline Booth, daughter of the founder, Gen. William Booth. She commands the force in the United States.

"Is it not a trifle unusual to have a woman for your commander-in-chief?" I asked that loyal veteran, Colonel Jenkins.

"Perhaps it is," came the reply, thoughtfully given. "But then, the Commander is so far ahead of the rest of us—miles and miles ahead—that no one in the Army thinks of it any other way; and she has led us now for eighteen years. When a person comes in contact with her he realizes her unusual executive ability. Why, she is the exact replica of the old General, not only in facial appearance, but in breadth of mind and capacity for leadership. *She is the custodian of his spirit.* She is a great leader. You may have heard rumors that she was to be removed. Those rumors should be corrected. Officers in the Salvation Army, as in other forces, may be moved on; and it would not be at all surprising if at any time the Commander should receive orders to pass on to another command."

Thus spoke Evangeline Booth's secretary, an officer whose hair has grown white in the service, and whose expression gave ample truth to his earnest words. "No one approaches the Commander in qualities of leadership," he proceeded. "She has what every leader must have, capacity to inspire the soldiers. Her words carry weight, also, with men of affairs. In social problems, as the prohibition issue, and features that have to do with social service, as hospitals, refuge homes, and prison systems, her opinion is eagerly sought and listened to. It is a fact that men high in official position, economists and sociologists are constantly appealing to the Commander. But come, meet her. Form your own conclusions." I accepted Colonel Jenkins' invitation.

Commander Booth appeared in a uniform of Salvation Army gray. She is not imposing and tall as we think of commanders, nor awe-inspiring, nor burdened with the dignity of high office, but a woman—such a one as goes to the wretched tenement and rescues the children, who prays with the lost soul in the little gospel meeting, and also, unmistakably, a woman born to the purple, a commander, qualified to lead that grand army organized to win perpetual victory where men are fighting the terrific fight against vicious surroundings, tainted inheritance, the lusts of the flesh. In her countenance is that which explains the devotion of Colonal Jenkins, and the thousands of her followers—determination, prophetic zeal, a great consuming purpose to lead her people in their crusade of righteousness.

"We would not think of resisting the Commander," Colonel Jenkins had said. He spoke of the rigid discipline that prevails in the Army. But he spoke also for that personality that inspires devotion and service.

"What is the power of the Salvation Army?" I asked her.

"It's religion. Christianity. We come to know God for ourselves. We learn of God through the Bible, through revelation. The high standard we hold up changes not, neither with country nor color nor class. Our teaching is the same in the jungles of Africa as in Boston. And God *has* honored our faith. Then we put our teaching into practical deeds. It is our hard common sense that induces business men to give us money for our work. You ask me what is the greatest work of the Army? All our efforts are like so many tributaries—all run to the one great river. Every effort we are making may be summed up in this—uplifting of mankind."

Everything about Evangeline Booth is direct,—her attitude when she meets you, her speech, her gaze, her convictions. Had she been living in the days of the Inquisition, and had her beliefs been proved heretical by an ecclesiastical tribunal, she would have gone direct to martyrdom rather than have surrendered a jot or a tittle of her faith.

"You have asked me how the better world is going to be made," she said. "By each filling his place in the line of service, fighting with valor against every form of evil. Only one thing makes the world—the people in it. Not the lakes, not the woods, mountains, and seas, but people. They are the ones

with whom our work must be done. Representatives of the press say to me, 'Was the world ever so desperately off?' I reply: 'It was never so well off. Conditions never were so hopeful. Mankind never was in so elevated a position, spiritually, morally, physically and socially. More hands are held out in charity; more liberal contributions are made to save the broken remnants."

"How close is the relationship between the Church and the Army?"

"The Church has our prayers. The Church gets many of our converts. The Army helps swell its ranks, but the Church has shown great kindness to us in these later years. We derive means to do our work largely from its members, though not all the moneyed people who are generous are saints. My father, Gen. William Booth, used to say to the ministers, 'After all, I have the best job; yours is much harder, for it is more difficult to get the society people than the bums.' In this country, especially, the churches have been generous in allowing our officers to go into the pulpit. This has been true of the most wealthy churches in the country."

Commander Booth has written a paper on prohibition that has attracted wide attention and been commented on favorably, even enthusiastically, by leading men. Perhaps no person in the United States is in a better position to observe the good or ill effects of the anti-liquor law, and so I asked her her judgment on the effect of the prohibition amendment.

Her reply came at once and with fervor. "It is wonderful! Wonderful! If it should take fifty years to get liquor entirely out of the country, obliterated from the streets, washed from the cellars, it would be a thousand times worth the effort. The achievement of prohibition in a country organized as this one, is one of the greatest accomplishments of history. Think of the many to-day who never had fifty cents in their hands, who now have bank accounts. Think of the many women who never received a cent from their husbands' wages, since all the money went into the rich brewer's till, who now have a regular amount to spend for themselves and their children. Why, if every one else fought to keep prohibition away, the thousands of reformed drunkards and inebriates would fight to keep it here."

"You do not trouble yourselves," I observed, "about problems of evolution and international complications."

"Oh, no. We go direct to our task. We keep heart and hand ready for God, and do our utmost to the limit of our strength and power—to wipe the tears from weeping faces, to replace despair with hope, to shelter homeless children. You see, that is why we have been successful. We have kept an even balance. We practise and work, for we do not believe God will do for a man what he can do for himself. Our efforts are directed to deeds rather than words. In our ranks there is not a place for indolence, either of heart or physical powers. All have to work—old and young, men and women, officers and soldiers—no one is favored. And we have an unchanging faith.

"I preached a sermon once in a church attended by Chief Justice Taft. 'Miss Booth,' he said to me, after it was over, 'I am a Unitarian, but you made me rock on my foundations.' "

Those who have come under the influence of her fervid appeal know how Mr. Taft felt.

I had remarked that the teaching of the Army centers about the death of Christ on the cross. Colonel Jenkins had said: "That is fundamental. We are working for the salvation of the entire man. If you lift the bottom of society, you lift the whole. Yes, our appeal is to the atoning death of Christ; you see, we are dealing with people who are poor, weak, broken specimens, who must have something to fix their faith to, because they have no faith in themselves. Some are drunkards, some are dope-fiends, some are deep sunk in the depths of moral failure. We can do nothing better for them than point them to Jesus, Saviour of the world."

"I heard you talk to your soldiers, last night," I said to the Commander. "You persuaded *me*. I wish there had been with me a group of ministers—some who have grown cold in the vain pursuit of intellectual explanations."

"Oh, you were there? I wish I had known it. Wouldn't I have made you, also, rock on your foundations!" she laughed.

"You did make me," I said.

To gifts of leadership and steadfast conviction she adds a voice remarkable in quality. When she speaks before audiences of men, as she sometimes does, they are stirred to the depths. But a person must see the Commander with her officers and soldiers to appreciate her power.

It was to be a consecration meeting. Members of the Army had come from many states, and were gathered in the hall. Doubting ones were to be reassured; backsliders were to be reclaimed; those who had become discouraged in the fight and were losing ground were to be sent again into battle—and the Commander was the one who was to perform these miracles. They had gathered there to the number of one thousand, one-half of whom, had they not been in Salvation Army uniform, would have been on the streets, in resorts of crime, in prison. The band began to play one of those typical Salvation Army hymns which had an irresistible emotional appeal, and the Army joined in the chorus—a simple song, "God is Love."' But when those reclaimed men and women sang it with that emotional power given them by memories of sorrows and lost opportunities, it carried those who sang and those who listened to the Throne of Grace.

A prayer followed, a song with closed eyes and all kneeling, and the Commander appeared. Direct to the front of the platform she came and extending her hands exclaimed: "My officers! My soldiers!" When they heard that matchless voice they looked up with a devotion no pen can describe. She talked to them of the story of the cross, of the Man of Sorrows, of the many there who had the cross on their own shoulders, of the glory of self-denial, the necessity of utter consecration and self-surrender.

"You have just heard of the addresses I have given, of the interviews and other appointments, and that I am tired. No, I am not tired; I never felt so well. I want a skipping-rope. Now say, Hallelujah!"

And there came back to her a mighty shout. "Does any one say that it shall be a cross for the poor and not one for the rich? No. There must be a cross for all. It is fair and just and right. Some of our people own Christ only in the right place: perhaps your cross is to own him to the man at the bench beside you. The world wants one thing—holy living. We shall have a better world in this city, this country, when *you* are a holy man and *you* are a holy woman—when you say, 'Give me *my* cross!' "

There was light on the people's faces as she talked. None could resist the appeal in that voice, that consecration, that countenance which glowed, that grace of gesture. What a tragedy actress she would have made! Then they all sang, the Commander leading: "Oh, say, will you take up your cross?" "All I have I am bringing to Thee."

I, a student of theology, long familiar with the Calvary plan of salvation, who had gone there to get material for writing, and not to be converted—was converted. Not necessarily to their theology—theology, after all, is not the chief thing—but to their grand confession of faith, to their magnificent belief in the power of the Christ to save, to their abandonment of self and absorption in the work of redeemin mankind. I tried to say Amen, too, but "Ame choked in my throat." Almost I was persuaded t leap to my feet and shout out the intelligence that wanted to be one of them. I wanted to take up m cross and go where men were lost and sad. I wante to know the blessed Christ of the cross as they did I wanted to follow that peerless leader there on th platform surrounded by as true, honored, and chival rous a company as ever engaged in the great task o restoring a shattered world.

The times when we are carried to the higher level are rare and memorable. I am not sure I shoul make a good Salvationist, but I wish I could do th work Evangeline Booth and her soldiers are doing.

"But," remarked that good friend, Colone McIntyre, as I gave expression to this sentiment, "*w* could not do the work *other* people are doing."

He was right. This needing world will not b redeemed until all of us who believe in the high thing of God—comrades in the Salvation Army, member of churches, social workers, good men and womer everywhere—form that union of "all who love in th service of all who suffer."

Cruising Around a Changing World

VII In and Out of the Golden Gate

John van Schaick, Jr.

ON the night, suddenly the vibration of the propellers stopped, the swish of waves died down, and raising myself up to the level of the port-hole I saw the glow of the lights of San Francisco squarely off to the starboard just abreast, and ahead the flashing lighthouses guarding the Golden Gate. It was a quarter before two on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 8, and we had come 5,294 mi es from New York to San Francisco *via* Havana and the Panama Canal.

From the tropics where even a sheet had been a burden at night and where it was hot, genuinely hot, at sea, we had come into a bracing northern cold. When they opened the gangway to put out the gangplank, the wind which swept in penetrated to the marrow of the bone. It was "unusually" cold for San Francisco, so they said, yet roses were in bloom and outside window boxes with all manner of blooming plants made a brave show.

It was trying, though, on people just out of the tropics; it gave many people colds, and this morning we get the news that one fine old gentleman, seventy-five years of age, from Canfield, Ohio, died of pneumonia in the night just three days out of San Francisco. We lost another old gentleman of pneumonia at Havana.

Once before, when in San Francisco on business, I had a leisure afternoon, gave a chauffeur *carte blanche* and he took me practically the same drive which Clark arranged for us the morning of our arrival, and which I reversed and took over again with my wife on our own account the second day.

It started up through modern Chinatown, built since the fire of 1906 "a'ong the notorious old Barbary Coast" where, as Cogan, our chauffeur, said, "in the old days what you didn't spend they took away from you," past "High Binder Alley," the "Sing Kee Co.," the "Sing Fat Co.," the "Chung Foo Co.," or to the hotel and club district. In addition to many little Chinese shops and restaurants, one is struck by the great establishments of Chinese merchants o the better class. In the telephone book there is a special Chinese exchange listed.

As we passed the Emma Spreckles house, the elder Spreckles house and the other magnificent places on the heights overlooking the bay, the Iowa man behind me, by no means a Bolshevist, remarked, "Why should one man have so much more money than he needs?" I have always wondered.

The old Spanish Presidio, or military post, is now again a military reservation, and a beautiful park of 1,542 acres, stretching along the water for several miles, a highly desirable post for army officers. It is associated with many memories of my own family. And as we passed the cemetery of the post with its lovely trees and flowers, we spoke of the first of the little nephews bearing my own name who lies there. The family record says: "We made a dash home from the Philippines to save him. We fought it out hour by hour. But he died at sea only a few days out of San Francisco and is buried in the Presidio." To the doctor it was some one of the many ills of the digestive tract; to the sociologist a trifling addition to the percentages of infant mortality; to the lover of his country another draft on our most valuable national assets which we are so slowly learning to conserve; but to the father and mother, as to so many other fathers and mothers everywhere, it was just "little John," a tender and a beautiful memory.

At the Cliff House on the ocean outside the olden Gate, we stopped to see sea lions yawning zily in the sun, and to hear the everlasting roar the Pacific. The ast time we heard it together as at the banquet of the National Geographic ciety in Washington some years ago in celebration the fortieth anniversary of the invention of the lephone. At every plate was a telephone receiver. e heard speeches from Ottawa, from New Orleans, n Francisco and other distant places, and finally e were connected with transmitters at the Cliff House d heard the Pacific three thousand miles away, nile moving pictures showed the waves rolling in. nat experience in Washington was about as real the visit to the Cliff House, only at Washington ere was nobody selling peanuts and postals.

There was a big freighter on the rocks at the trance of the Golden Gate. Crowded by another eighter in a fog and beached at high tide, she is far on the rocks, a total loss.

The great guns of Fort Winfield Scott, in plain ght, are on a height commanding the approach to e bay. On the coast in Lincoln Park near by is e end of the Lincoln Highway, with a sign pointing stward to New York.

All along this twenty or thirty mile drive we had onderful sea views, and both days were so clear at we could see the Farallones, rocky islets thirty iles out in the Pacific, belonging to the municipal strict of San Francisco, but given over to the seals, e gulls and their kin.

On the beach we spoke to Officer Nolan, well nown to Chauffeur Cogan. A few weeks ago Officer clan spurred his horse through the surf and swam him it to the rescue of a man and woman who were rowning and whom others had failed to reach. The ater was rough at the time and it was a fight, but olan brought them in. I approve of the gold medal r Nolan, and I would give one also to the horse.

Golden Gate Park is like Longfellow's "Hemlock ree," "green not alone in summertime but in the inter's frost and rime." There was no snow, no ost, no rime, but we did have a pelting hail storm ne night in San Francisco ("most extraordinary and nusual"). Still nothing seemed hurt.

In 1870, Golden Gate Park was nothing but a ries of barren sand dunes. Knowledge of what ould be done with sand has covered the dunes with a autiful semi-tropical flora. We teachers and eachers and editors can get a lot from the farmer nd gardener, both of illustration and of cheer.

In this park we noticed many varieties of acacia, dar, and pine, eucalyptus, pepper, palms, aloes, ntury plants, climbing geraniums and many flower-g shrubs. The grass was beautifully green.

And so we came to the climax of the drive, the win Peaks—*Las Papas*, or the Breasts, the Spaniards lled them—rocky heights with an elevation of 925 et and situated in San Francisco itself. A tunnel rries electric cars under the Twin Peaks to the new ty developments beyond, and elevators carry people om various stations in the tunnel to the new sub-bs on the slopes of the mountains. Going up we assed one of the most beautifully situated poor rms to be found anywhere. I hope it is as beautiful inside as it is outside. And in available hollows in the mountain are auxiliary reservoirs full of salt water pumped up from the sea, making a high pressure water system independent of the usual supply.

A by-product of all this preparation is a wonderful macadam road to the top of the peak, giving another by-product which bids fair to be one of the greatest assets of the city—"the view from the Twin Peaks." Dr. Frederick C. Jewell, an Episcopal rector in our party, talked to a charming young lady at the Palace Hotel about the view, and found later that he was talking to a reporter of the *Chronicle*. He said to her: "It is one of the most wonderful views in the world—it is equal to Naples and its bay from the tower back of the city, with Vesuvius left out." He laughed later when he saw that she had left out in the interview what he said was left out in the view.

Still one does not feel like qualifying very much, as he looks down upon San Francisco from this height, over part of the bay with its shore line of 300 miles, down on Alcatraz Island with its prison, and little Goat Island with its Naval School, across the bay to Oakland and to Berkeley—which with its university has always been a kind of Carcassonne to me and which again I saw only from a distance—across the Golden Gate to Mount Tamalpais, 2,600 feet, and its comrades, and off to the westward far out upon the ocean we were to cross—"Far more wonderful scenery," said my wife, "than I had any idea San Francisco had."

Of course there were speeches at the luncheon in the Palace Hotel: the freedom of the city, whatever that may mean in San Francisco, was duly delivered; the Mayor and Chamber of Commerce people and Rotary Club and Chief of Police and other welcoming souls were "right on the job." And what I felt on a previous visit I felt again on the streets and in the shops, a bluff, hearty, open, honest, welcoming spirit.

They all brag about San Francisco, but most Americans brag. It isn't admirable, but some of it is done in fun, and San Francisco has justification if anybody is ever justified in bragging.

From a dirty little place of 34,000 people in 1850, full of shacks and tents, it had become a city of 360,000 in 1906, when an earthquake and a fire almost wiped it out. Two thousand acres, 28,000 buildings, one-sixth of the city plan, and Market Street, the principal business street, for nearly its whole length, were burned. A single city lost $105,000,000 in buildings and in three years had put back $150,000,000 worth of buildings.

No, dear reader, I have not had hold of a circular of the San Francisco Promotion Committee, but the statistics are from the "Britannica," and I am about done.

The city now has 506,676 people. Los Angeles has 576,673—but don't mention it. And don't call the climate "damp" or "vile" until you get well off the coast. But it is bracing in San Francisco. And it is alive. And with business they have a sense of beauty. Nothing is likely to happen in our day at least to make San Francisco other than the great port of our Pacific Coast. "Great circle sailing," they tell us, makes San Francisco almost the shortest route from Panama to Yokohama and Hong Kong, mysteri-

ous as it seems. With such a harbor, and such a country tributary to it, its future is secure.

It is safe to say on the basis of general knowledge that there is plenty of fighting ahead in San Francisco as in New York for the people who want honest government and an equal opportunity for every man. Down on the pier there was a striking contrast both mornings that we lay there, between two lines of people. One was standing, looking at the ship, a hundred or more men and boys, roughly clad, waiting for a job coaling. A draft of men needed had been made when I first saw them, but still the others lingered.

The other line, made up of our party, was moving steadily from the ship to see the city, men and women warmly dressed, in overcoats and furs, all spending this year from two thousand to ten thousand dollars each for a trip around the world.

The trip around the world is all right. It may make some of us a little more intelligent and consequently a little less pretentious. But think of the monstrous necessity of those other people having to beg for a chance to work!

We must muster up brains enough to think out a remedy which is workable. We must muster up grit enough to smash such an evil and smash it hard.

There were happy meetings with relatives whom we had never met before. There were delightful glimpses of homes and business places which brought us closer to the heart of San Francisco.

With the benediction of a brilliant sunrise over the bay, we sailed out of the Golden Gate better acquainted with and consequently more devoted to a city of which the East and West of our country alike may well be proud.

At sea, Feb. 13, 1920.

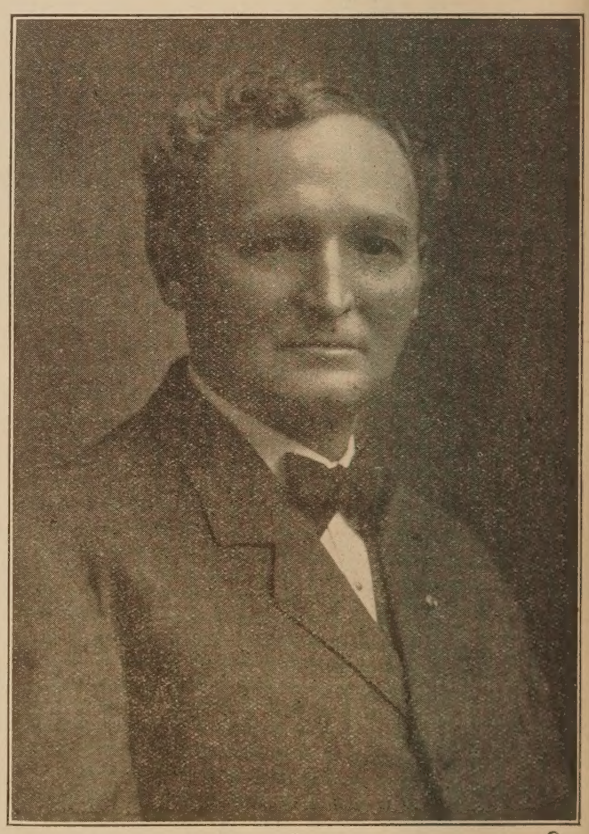
Representative Universalists

IV Lynn Scofield Randall

LYNN SCOFIELD RANDALL was born in Marathon, Cortland County, New York, Dec. 12, 1858. While a small boy his people moved to Oxford, Chenango County, where he lived throughout his boyhood. He graduated from the Oxford Academy in the spring of 1875. His parents then bound him out for a term of three years, as an apprentice, to learn the blacksmith's trade in the village shop. He served six weeks in disgust and then absolutely refused to continue. In the fall of the same year, 1875, he went to Syracuse, New York, and got a job with an uncle, Emerson J. Eddy, who conducted a hardware store and junk business. Mr. Eddy had several carts on the road loaded with tin, glass, silverware and other kitchen furniture for exchange with the people of the country-side. Later Mr. Randall started in the hardware business for himself, with twelve wagons on the road, for this same kind of trade. Forty years ago, when we lived on a farm, one of the familiar sights was a great red box wagon, filled and piled with these materials, on which was painted in big letters, "L. S. Randall." These were supplied from Mr. Randall's hardware store in Syracuse. Later the hardware wagons disappeared and Mr. Randall turned his attention to the retail oil business in Syracuse. In this business he ran a dozen wagons and handled as high as 20,000 customers at one time. In 1906 his health failed him and he sold this business out, bought him a modest cottage on Cazenovia Lake and began again "the simple life."

Up to this time I had never seen Mr. Randall, and never dreamed that the traveling hardware name of my youth would ever be more than a name to me, but life is a curious thing.

In 1906 we dedicated our new church in Syracuse. It faces a little triangle named Billings Park. On another side of this park the Odd Fellows built a Temple. Mr. Randall was an Odd Fellow and was drawn into this project. He became treasurer of the Temple, and financed the undertaking to a successful conclusion. Some time, about 1910, the Odd Fellows asked me to hold a special service for them in our church. The church was crowded at this service. Not long after a man came to me and said his name was Randall. He said he was an Odd Fellow,



LYNN SCOFIELD RANDALL

was present at the special service, and that he and Mrs. Randall had decided to settle in our church, if we wanted them. We wanted them. They came with us. Mr. Randall said that he was ready to work. I looked for a place where he could be useful.

discovered his gift for financing. For over twenty ears I had carried the burden and I was very tired it. It was all hard work, for there was seldom a ollar to spare. In 1912 I asked our board of trustees elect Mr. Randall financial secretary of the church. hey did so. When he took the office there was no oney in the treasury. We had built our new church nd almost paid for it, but I had nearly reached the nancial limits of our people, for the well was almost y. From the day Mr. Randall took charge of our nances until now that load has been entirely lifted om me. For eleven years now, first as financial cretary and then as treasurer, when the offices were nsolidated, Mr. Randall has had charge of the nances of our church. During that period no bill as gone unpaid. When Mr. Randall took charge of ne finances there was no money in the treasury and here were bills unpaid. At our annual parish meetng, Jan. 3, 1923, all bills were paid and there were ash balances of $5,021.38 on hand. In the meanme we have purchased a lot adjoining our church, n order to complete our property, and we have paid or that. We have accumulated $13,000 toward a ermanent endowment fund. Mr. Randall has andled every detail of these finances without a itch.

At our New York State Convention in 1913 a roup of men came to me and asked if there was a ompetent man in sight for state treasurer. I said here was and named Mr. Randall. He was elected nd has been re-elected each year ever since. At that ime our state permanent fund amounted to $131,422. our permanent fund to-day amounts to $220,462, ith $30,000 to be added to it within the next few nonths. Our state ministerial relief fund has been rought into Mr. Randall's keeping and this now mounts to $90,052. During most of the period since 915 I have been chairman of the Finance Committee f the New York Convention and therefore I am in a osition to know the facts.

Speaking from my experience as the minister of the Syracuse church and chairman of the Finance Committee of our New York Convention, it is my judgment that our Syracuse church and our New York State Convention are as well organized financially and our funds as carefully invested as any bank in the state of New York. Each year the accounts of the State Convention and of the Syracuse church are audited by competent and expert men, and it is worth while to set down the fact that during that entire period not one mistake has ever been discovered in the figures of Mr. Randall.

I have never met before and I never expect to meet again, in my experience as a minister or as an officer of a Universalist Convention, a man who is the superior of Mr. Randall in kindness, patience, thoroughness and absolute accuracy. I count him to have been the greatest discovery I have ever made so far as the genius of getting money is concerned, and having people like to have him get it, and I know I shall never meet a man who attends to his business in all its details any better than Mr. Randall has. Of all the men I have ever met in my work in the Christian Church no man has been of greater assistance both as a financial man and a co-worker in the denomination than Mr. Randall has been.

He is an Elk, Odd Fellow, member of the Citizens' Club and Rotary Club, a 32d degree Mason and a trustee in the Masonic Temple in the city of Syracuse.

If any Universalist, from wheresoever, happens to be automobiling between the first day of May and the first day of September in the summer time in the neighborhood of Cazenovia Lake, him inquire for "Camp Lena by the Lake," and if he cares to call he will find Mr. and Mrs. Randall with an open door and a generous welcome and something good to eat.

Mr. Randall married Minnie A. Woollett of Syracuse on Nov. 26, 1878. They once had a group of little children in their home, but all are gone away and Mr. and Mrs. Randall remain behind to render a gracious and useful service to our Church and humanity.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XVIII Roads

Agricola

IN ancient Rome all distances were measured from the Golden Milestone in the Forum. In these modern days roads begin nowhere and lead to everywhere. You can start from London, or Paris, or Tokyo, or New York and travel on continuous highways to Argentina, Siberia or Cape Town.

Roads are of all kinds and are used for all conceivable purposes. There are broad highways between rich cities, and obscure roads running between New England hamlets or Iowa villages. In old Damascus was the street called Straight, immortalized by a divine pilgrim around that Eastern world. Some roads have made history and are immortalized by a battle, an incident, a parable. The Good Samaritan and the road to Jericho are forever fixed in universal literature.

In China roads are mere ruts made by cart wheels, in the Alps they are magnificent highways carved out of the sides of the mountains, where Hannibal used vinegar to blast a road for the African legions that were to smother Rome. On Western prairies mud roads are uncertain as an April day. The Appian Way is still in service after twenty-two centuries. What ghostly memories haunt that ancient highway! What armies have marched over it, what indescribable pomp of triumphal and garlanded processions has it seen!

The bewildering complexity of our highways would induce a visitor from Mars to think that man is forever traveling. Argosies on every sea, trains hurrying, automobiles dashing on every highway, in every land except African jungles. Humanity is on the double quick toward the goals it has set for itself, riches, pleasure, territory, power.

There are right roads and wrong roads, pleas-

ant roads and sad ones, hard roads and easy roads. The roads that look easy have a habit of turning out hard, and the hard roads of youth mercifully soften down into pleasant highways in later life. There are roads through the fields of thought thronged with eager worshipers, seeking for knowledge of all kinds, for literary treasures, science and philosophy. And there are countless roads through the moral wildernesses of the world with all kinds of people surging over them, each chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of happiness. Wise travelers are they who look in their journeys for the things that endure, the lofty truths that thrill the soul and lead it heavenward.

Unfortunately there are no direct highways between souls. Mountains, deserts and oceans intervene. We can not see, we can only feel the electric waves which pass these barriers. Occasionally we flash signals to other souls like those we send to the planet Mars. As yet the code is dimly understood and ether still swims unpierced and untenanted between us.

The only bridges that really span the chasm between souls are those of the affections —love, tenderness, sympathy, generosity. Over these troop the angel visitors that carry healing in their wings. Love tries to multiply these bridges and pave them with the pure gold of sympathy and good-will. Religion comes and tells us that such roads lead through soul straight to the City of God.

On the countless roads of life the scenes to right and left often promise impossible joys and pleasures.

And the supreme question of questions is, and ever will be, "Which road shall I take?"

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

MY first stop after the Columbus, Ohio, Conference was in Cincinnati. After several other calls I visited the A. Nash Company's new plant. The last time I was there the old brewery on Elm and Henry Streets was undergoing alterations preparatory to receiving the expanding industry created by Mr. Nash. That was about a year ago. Shortly after that date the new buildings were occupied. Two or three times as much floor space as the abandoned distilling plant on East Eighth Street seemed to provide more than ample room for future growth with some to spare. The day I arrived for this last visit Mr. Nash had just returned from Boston, where he had given a series of lectures before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The story of these meetings with the faculty and students of this institution of higher education reads like a fairy tale, and you get only a very little of that story from Mr. Nash himself. The impression made was deep and it will be lasting. Some of those who listened in will never forget what they heard. Two incidents growing out of the meetings will serve to indicate that something out of the ordinary happened. First, they resulted in a request from Harvard University to repeat his series of talks at a convenient date before the faculty and students of that body. The first lecture only was devoted to the economic side of the business. The rest of the time Mr. Nash preached religion, the religion of Universal Brotherhood. One who sat in on the lectures said: "The meetings stopped only a little short of a religious revival."

Second, one young man among the students attracted a good deal of attention with his questions. Later he asked Mr. Nash, in private, if he could get a job working in his factory during the summer vacation. Thinking he was some young fellow working his way through college, Mr. Nash said: "I will see what can be done." The night he left the place for home, this student placed a letter in Mr. Nash's hands. The letter caused a shock of surprise when it was read. The young fellow is not a poor boy and he is not working his way through college. The missive revealed the fact that he is the son of a multi-millionaire and one of the richest men in the United States, the head of one of the greatest business concerns in the country. He said: "I want to work in your factory this summer at anything you can give me to do, no matter how small the pay, because I want to absorb the spirit that pervades your shop." Sometimes we entertain prophets unawares.

The A. Nash Company is managed by all connected with it, including the workers. Meetings are held frequently in the largest room in the plant attended by the entire working force, at which policies are discussed and decided upon. Such a meeting was to be held at 4.30 on the day I was in the shop. Mr. Nash said: "I want you to see and speak to the crowd. Will you do it?" It was a sight I shall not soon forget. How many were present? I don't know. Two thousand or so, possibly. I did not ask. A vast sea of happy human faces looked up at me. I have never seen happier faces anywhere. When we went in some one was talking to them about income tax returns. Soon Mr. Nash mounted the work table to say a few words. It was like the homecoming of the father of a big family after a long absence. No, it was not like that; it was just that. The Nash workers are a happy family. No other phrase fits. The members of it are not unionized, but there is no law against unionizing. A rule against it is unnecessary. No one wants to unionize. There is no excuse for such a thing. Why have a union when you've got a family? As Mr. Nash appeared to speak, the happy faces grew brighter, the smiles upon them broadened and broke into affectionate laughter, and spontaneous applause rolled up in waves.

The remarks were brief. A big new building is already necessary to take care of the increase in business. Stock is being issued at par to members of the Nash family. Mr. Nash announced that already $42,000 worth of the stock had been bought by the Nash workers. Thus they not only manage their company; they own it. "I can't change your vote about the sale of this stock for our new building," he began, "but I can do this. I can loan you the money

vith which to make the purchase and you can pay me n installments." He finished quickly and then I was ntroduced. It was one of the events of my life. It was easily, in some respects, the most remarkable audience to which I have ever spoken. I asked them f they would adopt me as a member of the family and with one voice they all shouted "Yes." I had seen the same family when it was only a little handful of not more than two or three score of workers, cluttered up in one small corner of the old Power Building where the start was made some four or five years ago. The contrast between that dingy little room, with its small band of workers, and the great plant of the present, with its swarms of men and women, was electrical.

After the meeting I went all over the immense place and at once understood the reason for the new building. Every inch of space in the remodeled brewery has been occupied, and there is no opportunity in it for further expansion of what is now the greatest business of its kind in the world. It is rapidly becoming one of the major industries of America.

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My next stop was in Joliet, Illinois, for a Sunday morning service in St. John's Universalist Church, whose minister is the Rev. Walter H. Macpherson. It was an invitation something like this that took me to our Joliet parish. It came from the minister: "When can you give Joliet a Sunday? I want my people to get the larger vision of their part in what the denomination is doing. They are ready for it. They will respond. Come and tell the story." That is what the Rev. F. W. Gibbs is doing in his church in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. He is aiming to educate his people in the activities of their Church as a whole by having a representative from each department of the denomination visit his parish and occupy the pulpit. I was his guest last October and his audience practically filled the auditorium. He had announced the proposed visit of the General Superintendent for several weeks, and he had called upon his people to make it one of the events of the church year. He challenged them to show their regard for their church by turning out in large numbers to greet the denominational representative. The response was most gratifying. The Fitchburg Universalists did themselves proud and Mr. Gibbs had reason to be proud of them. It was a pleasure to call on him, for one reason, because we were neighbors and co-workers in Providence for seven years. He was the minister of the First Universalist Church and I was the minister at the Church of the Mediator. I am happy to report that all through those years our relationships were not only pleasant and free from friction, but they were a source of delight and profit.

But to return to Joliet. Joliet is a thriving city of industry and enterprise that is growing rapidly. St. John's Church is in the heart of the business section of the city and is a business block and church combined. The income from the stores helps to finance the spiritual and community service work of the parish, and there is a generous amount of both. Mr. Macpherson holds his banner high. He will not encourage his people to use their commercial income for the purpose of going along in a small way, thereby easing off their responsibilities as to giving generously and working hard. They respond readily to his challenge and seem to take a pride in the fact that easy money for them is not the mother of an easy time. Instead of giving and doing less, while allowing the church to just keep along or get by with as little trouble and exertion as possible, they aim to branch out and do more than they otherwise could for the betterment of the city and for the advancement of the larger work of the denomination.

Too often when there is an outside income or an endowment fund in a church, the people reduce their subscription and curtail their labors in behalf of their faith. The result is just what you expect, stagnation, dwindling congregations, a loss of spiritual power and, not infrequently, death. I actually know of a church that had enough endowment to pay all of its bills without any contributions from or the lifting of a finger on the part of the people. They did nothing and gave nothing of consequence. They gave up the ghost finally because there was nothing much left but a bank account and empty pews.

St. John's Church in Joliet does not propose to go that way. There is a real chapter of Universalist Comrades in the society. These men are now in charge of the Sunday services. Every Sunday night there is something of note going on in the church that touches the heart of the city, and the men do it. On the occasion of my visit the auditorium was filled to capacity to hear Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, who is called by some critics America's greatest poet. Mr. Sandburg is a graduate of Lombard College. He is an artist in the best sense of the word. He gave a short talk on art, read a few of his poems, and then concluded by singing to the accompaniment of his guitar a few American folk songs.

Interest in the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House rose to enthusiasm as the Comrades and others inspected the plans which I had with me. Joliet will be one of the first churches in Illinois, if not the first, to secure its quota. Before leaving I gave myself the delight of a call on Dr. Lang, for many years the minister of St. John's Church. I found him none too strong in body, but just as alert and brilliant in mind and spirit as a young man of twenty-five.

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The next Tuesday found me in Galesburg, helping Dr. Tilden just a little in starting his campaign for a Lombard Fund of $500,000. Ministers were on hand from all over the Mid-West district to boost. We took in the college, saw a basket-ball game, and rendered the verdict that Lombard is one of the greatest small colleges in America, and indispensable to the Universalist Church. Dr. Tilden is getting $100,000 of the half million dollars from the citizens of Galesburg—I believe Galesburg has already gone over the top—$150,000 from the Universalists of the Mid-West and the balance from the graduates of the college. All hail to Dr. Tilden and Lombard! It's a great and worthy cause. Let us all give him a lift. He is lifting most of the time for us.

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The next day I stepped from the train in Mt.

Pleasant, Iowa, the home of our President of the General Convention. It was my first visit to Mt. Pleasant, and because it had been so long delayed I prolonged it sufficiently to preach for two evenings in our church. The days were devoted to interests of our denomination as there were many things to be talked over.

The Mt. Pleasant Church is the custodian of a small fund, the income of which is devoted to social service and relief work among the unfortunate. One of the good women of the church—I will give you three guesses as to who she is—very quietly gets about in her flivver over the town and into every home where there is distress. A helping hand is given; a ray of sunshine is let in. In this way, the Universalist church, in addition to being a spiritual tonic on Sunday, becomes a strong arm of community service during the week.

Judge Galer—he persists in protesting that we must not call him judge for the reason that he is not a judge, but the habit has been formed and we neither know nor recognize him by any other name—has been both an honor and a credit to our denomination during the last four years as President of the General Convention. He is an unusual man, and would stand out conspicuously in the laity of any religious body in America. He is a diligent student and a profound scholar not only in matters of the law but in theology, Biblical and general literature. His library, which is in constant use, is the equal of the best to be found in the study of a notable clergyman. The Macmillan Company of New York has just published a book from his pen that has been reviewed with unstinted words of praise by religious and theological journals, both Orthodox and Liberal, the country over. The volume, the title of which is "Old Testament Law for Bible Students," is largely the result of his labors with an adult Bible class in the Mt. Pleasant Sunday school. The book reflects a knowledge of Biblical criticism and a mastery of Biblical scholarship in general that would do credit to a professorship in any theological school. It was no small piece of good fortune that brought Judge Galer into our fellowship. We honored him when we elected him to the Presidency of our Convention, but he has since honored us in no less a degree.

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On Saturday I landed in Minneapolis for a four-day stop, on a train four hours late. Sunday morning I preached for Dr. Shutter in the Church of the Redeemer, Dr. Shutter conducting the service. That night I attended the evening service, at which motion pictures were used as a feature. On Monday night I held a conference of "Twin City" and Anoka Universalists in the Priscilla Tea Room of the New England Furniture and Carpet Company Store attended by over seventy people.

Many of our ministers and others all over the denomination have asked me to tell them about the experiment with motion pictures that the Church of the Redeemer has been trying out on Sunday nights for a year and a half or so. Previous to the 18th of February I had no inside information to offer and could give my questioners no satisfaction. I give my impressions here for the benefit of all.

In the first place, remember that the Redeemer is a down-town church in a great city. It is one of the last to stem the tide and hold the fort in the face of rapidly changing conditions. Most of the churches which were near it thirty years ago have long since followed the shifting population out into the retreating residential districts.

Mr. W. L. Harris, owner of and moving spirit in the New England Furniture and Carpet Company, already alluded to, was the chief advocate of the introduction of motion pictures into the evening service. With some misgivings but with open minds the decision was made to give the venture a trial. The installation of the apparatus cost about $1,600. The extra expense each night including newspaper advertising is from $80 and $90. Knowing that in some instances where this venture has been tried in other churches the result was not only crowds of people who were desired, but peanut shucks, noise, irreverence and disorder as well, I watched it in this historic edifice of dignity, worshipfulness and decorum, with interest but without fear or distrust.

As I expected, none of the abuses just mentioned were in evidence. On the contrary, the whole thing was not only orderly but impressive. It was a very cold night, but the church was full. Often there is not a vacant seat. The ushers, always plenty of them, properly instructed, admit no children without parents. A firm but kindly hand guides the whole enterprise. Those in attendance are reminded in no uncertain tones that they have come to a religious service and not to a motion picture theater. They are made to understand that they are to conduct themselves accordingly. A brief organ recital opens the service. There is an anthem by the quartet choir, a prayer, more music, a fifteen minute sermon or talk by Dr. Shutter or Mr. Reamon, his associate pastor, and then the picture is shown. Frequently printed copies of Dr. Shutter's short sermon are distributed to members of the congregation as they pass out of the church.

The following paragraphs which appeared on the screen just ahead of the photoplay the night I was there tell their own story here as they did then to the audience:

"It is our idea that, if the Church is to retain its hold as an institution for uplift and character building, it must indicate its progressiveness by the use of modern appliances in conveying its messages—hence these pictures."

"This church is a Universalist Church, meaning thereby that it stands for

UNIVERSAL KINDLINESS
UNIVERSAL CHARITY
UNIVERSAL THOUGHTFULNESS
UNIVERSAL SERVICE

If this platform appeals to you, you will be most welcome to our membership."

The dinner and conference at the Priscilla Tea Room previously alluded to was held especially in the interest of the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House Campaign. In addition to the story as I have told it constantly, I repeated the Ohio challenge to do the whole of our task at one time and that time

ıe present. The approval was instant and unani-ous. In fact this has been so general that already e have decided to rise to the occasion. Mr. Harris, hose guests we were, since my return East has ritten me a letter in which he has this to say of the pirit of the conference:

"Am almost inclined to think you're making a istake in not capitalizing your efforts as you go ong; for instance, the other night I think you could ave picked up a couple of thousand dollars, without ny trouble, at our meeting."

Our people are profoundly interested in the Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House project when they fully understand what it means. On my return East for the series of conferences in that section similar to those held in the Middle West I found the same readiness to listen with an open mind and the same enthusiastic determined response, which means that both the East and the West will find it hard to lead by any great margin in our common task, but the story of the East is for my next article in the *Leader* for March 31.

The Founder's Certificate

For Contributors to the Fund for the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House

SOME time between now and the Providence session of the Universalist General Convention each church in the denomination will endeavor to conduct a canvass of every mem-er of the congregation for the purpose of securing its uota to the fund with which we are to build our two reat memorials. When your opportunity comes to nake your gift you will be ready to do your part. Tou will want your church represented and you will vant to do your utmost to make sure that it is rep-esented in the most adequate way possible.

We are presenting on this page of the *Leader* a facsimile of the beautiful Founder's Certificate to be presented to each giver of a memorial gift to our great and worthy undertaking. The certificate is handsomely lithographed on a heavy white bond that closely resembles a parchment paper. It bears the signature of the General Chairman and the Director General of the National Campaign Committee and also that of the President of the General Convention, as well as the personal signature of the Secretary of the Convention. It also carries the gold seal of the Convention.

The certificate is not only a fitting recognition of

The Universalist General Convention
AND
THE ORDER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES
FOUNDER'S CERTIFICATE
UNIVERSALIST NATIONAL MEMORIAL CHURCH
PERIN-CATE HOUSE FOR YOUNG MEN
Know All Men
By
These Presents That
is enrolled as a Contributor to the Fund for the erection of the Universalist National Memorial Church in the City of Washington, D. C. and the Perin-Cate House for Young Men in the City of Tokyo, Japan, and thereby becomes a Founder of said Church and House
In Witness Whereof, The General Chairman and Director General of the National Committee, The Presidents and Secretary of the Universalist General Convention, have hereunto affixed their signatures and the Convention Seal this
day of
in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred, Twenty
GENERAL CHAIRMAN
DIRECTOR GENERAL
ATTEST:
PRESIDENT
SECRETARY

your gift, but as the years come and go it will be something of a treasure that you will prize, and your children after you, for its beauty, for its associations and for what it signifies. No Universalist will want to fail to secure one of the Founder's Certificates. You will want one for yourself and every member of your household and all of your friends.

Very likely you will have it framed and hung on the wall somewhere in your home or in your office. The quotas are just going into the mail on their way to the churches. The actual canvass has not begun, but even now we are sending Founder's Certificates to Universalists all over the nation who have made a contribution ahead of time.

Our people will be glad to learn that the Ohio challenge to build all three units of the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House at once has been accepted. It has been accepted because the Ohio challenge was universal, only Ohio was lucky in speaking first, and because the National Committee was only too glad to receive it and to act upon it.

You may, therefore, have three years in which to pay the amount of your gift. You may, of course, pay in cash if you so desire, but you can make your payments quarterly, the last payment being due September 30, 1926. This method will make it possible for us to give more generously than we otherwise would, thereby helping to assure the securing of a sum sufficient for the carrying out of our project.

Do not overlook the fact that when the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House are completed, the Book of Memory in the Nation's Capital will also show your name recorded as a Founder. Your Founder's Certificate in your own home will proclaim to all who enter there that you have done your part, and the Book of Memory in Washington will list your name on the Honor Roll of Founders where it will remain as a permanent record of your faithful and generous service to your Church, in memory of those who have sustained our Church and its faith through the years and in memory also of those who gave their all to country and humanity in the World War.

The Reconstruction of Religion*

Charles E. Petty

THE revolution now going forward in religious thinking is world wide and the advance guards of liberalism must take note of it. What have we to do about this reconstruction?

That awaits a few other questions. What is religion and its office for men? What is the end of living at all? What is the goal of civilization and what has religion to do to enable civilization to reach its appointed goal?

The Master affirmed that he came that humanity might have life to the full. Assuming that living to the full means a complete adjustment of the person to his environment so that there is evoked from the depths of the soul all its powers, it will not be difficult to see that civilization is a flowering of the race. Both for the individual and for the race we shall hold that to become what under the divine plan it is possible to become is our goal. Religion is that spirit and fire that insures complete adjustment, a conscious and progressive adjustment, to the great complex we call the universe. It is sometimes defined as the life of God in the souls of men. That will answer as a working definition if we mean that man makes a determined attempt to make the life of God his own. The justice of God, the righteousness of God, the love of God, are phrases much employed by religious workers to mean something that transcends human love and right. But there is no bimetalism in ethical and spiritual values. The mind may conceive of a very high type of love and call that the love of God for men. That is none other or different than human love when poured out of a devoted soul. To reconstruct religion so that the Church and the world, but especially the Church, may always see that religion is a matter of human relations, or that thing which makes human relations what under the divine plan they ought to be, is our task, and to it we shall do well to address ourselves very seriously.

It seems to me that our very first part in this work is to set the world right on the environment in which religion must work and in which civilization is to come to its flowering. Souls do not grow in a vacuum. Men must live in relations. What is the nature of the world in which souls are developed, in which religion has its office? Is this complex environment of science, of philosophy, of politics, of education, of amusement, of industry and travel and all the other factors of it, just such a one as is needed to call forth the best that is known about the mind and its development? Is this environment to which we are to make our conscious and progressive adjustment one that will give us scope for our powers and compel us to recognize our relations and duties?

Just the other day the editor of the *New York Times* stated that the premise of Christianity is that we are all miserable sinners. That sin abounds no one with sense will deny. But to make sin the hidden premise of this thing we call Christianity is to reverse the order.

One may say, and with some propriety, that a consciousness of sin is the starting point in all reformation, of all effort at improvement. Until we know our limitations we make no effort to overcome them. But that is another thing than starting out with the premise that our bent is to sin. The maladjustments, the wrong relations, the blind use of our environing elements, are not forced and necessary. They happen but to those who are not able to make the right adjustments and establish the right relations. Blundering into these situations brings distress of mind and body and thereby points to the more excellent way. The trouble is not with the relations and conditions that the environment makes possible, but with us that we are underlings.

*Read at the Mid-Year Ministers' Meeting, Syracuse, Feb. 7, 1923.

And that brings the subject to the second thing that we must incorporate. An uncompromising and unqualified thesis that the struggling, aspiring, climbing, learning, improving and flowering subject, the human soul, is also good from the beginning of its existence, needs to be established. The world and all its relations is the schoolhouse that the all wise Father fashioned in which His children are to receive their education. To come into the world at the lowest point in the scale of knowledge and virtue must have been the result of the finest bit of providential thinking. That can not have been a deliberate handicap, nor an afterthought, nor the result of a mishap. That children come into the world so helpless and immature is a wise provision of love. A correct understanding of this fact is essential to any fruitful reconstruction in religious thinking. We now know enough of human nature and its nurture and the environment in which that nurture is made to make rapid progress in soul culture. We can make circumstances make us. Achievement of character has become a conscious process. Living is an art to those who have mastered its process.

The big word is experience. No one is able to understand what a cause is till he has become a cause. All ethical values grow out of experience. By a process of ejection the learner puts his experience alongside what he thinks others are doing or feeling. He enters sympathetically or vicariously into others' lives and understands them according to his experience. The environment in which souls develop and the way they develop must be stressed, must be made cardinal in any reconstruction of religion that is to help us.

All our notions, moral and religious, ideological or psychological, political or economic, historical or imaginary, all our ideas of every sort have come to us from experience. What has not entered into our consciousness by way of living has not entered. Even the vast complexes of the subconscious, so far as they have anything to do with our lives, have their tug and pull and sting and urge because of our history. As Professor Dewey puts it—Man continues to live because he is a living creature. Individuals here and there cave in, and most individuals sag, withdraw and seek refuge at this and that point. But man as man has the dumb pluck of the animal. He has endurance, hope, curiosity, eagerness, love of action. These traits belong to him by structure, not by taking thought. Memory of past and foresight of future convert dumbness to some degree of articulateness. They illumine curiosity and steady courage. Then when the future arrives with its inevitable disappointments and fulfillments, and with new sources of trouble, failure loses something of its fatality, and suffering yields fruits of instruction and not of bitterness.

Now, then, can the Universalist ministry raise up into the realm of religion, and make that contribution sure for ages to come, these two outstanding facts: that this world order is God's great schoolhouse and human nature is at home here fashioning itself into the likeness of the Divine? Can we blend the objective world and humanity's experiences so as to make a divine cosmos? Can we hit upon such a combination of education and religion, work and play, politics and business, such a mingling of individual and social traits, such an alliance of the past with the future, that men may say here is a reasonable program in religion that will insure a reasonably full life to all?

The world must be made aware of the need of reason in religion. The vast complex of modern civilization can not be made to serve humanity if bereft of a rational religious interpretation. So that the main work of reason in religion would seem to be to base all our customs and habits of thinking, our standards of living, on an enduring basis and hitch them to the forward moving current of human progress. This implies that our science and philosophy, our ethical and religious endeavors, shall go hand in hand down the corridors of time.

A further implication from the same body of facts is that religion is a social thing. If one can not live apart from relations and religion is an aid to an adjustment to relations, then religion becomes preeminently a social factor in civilization. It is the agency of social control.

A clear recognition of religion from this psycho-sociological point of view helps one to pass judgment on the agencies of the environment for good and evil. A reader of Rauschenbusch's books will recall that he charges our civilization with much semi-paganism. Loyal and orthodox church members are responsible for pagan ethics in business. They would not kill. Yet they defend conditions that kill. They would not steal, unless they can get society to legalize a variety of silk glove theft for their especial benefit. They would not think of unbrotherliness in its bald and pagan form of selfishness, but they would defend the twelve hour day for the defenseless.

A further implication of the general body of facts at hand compels us to introduce the scientific method in our study of and exposition of what religion is and will do for us. Our religious teaching must have a positive character.

Civilization is hanging in the balance, from the reports that come to hand in this year of grace 1923. But whether so or not, civilization demands that our religion shall release energy for social ends, else we shall soon go into decay. And this energizing of men shall be universal. Exceptional individuals must do exceptional work, but all must be enrolled in this work of revival. Duties must precede rights, and what can I do, or must I do, to be saved must go before what is there in it for me?

The open-mindedness that is needed for the reconstruction now proceeding apace, can only be maintained by a fearless adherence to the scientific method advanced thus far. Truth from every quarter is truth and can have no quarrel with any truth from any source. Science and philosophy are the co-partners with religion and never were its foes. God never contradicted Himself, nor blundered nor made foolish moves. He is self-consistent. Theology needs overhauling that open-mindedness may be at home in this world and progress assured for the next. There is but one law, one universe, one God and Father, and one destiny toward which the creation moves in stately tread.

Sin must get a new meaning. Its cause or origin must be learned. Its consequences must be appraised. We begin with the soul just come into being. It is without knowledge of anything, much

less of right and wrong. Cause and effect operate in the decisions of the untutored soul quite as readily as in those of the seer. What will enable the soul to live fully in its environment is to it virtuous. What hinders is without virtue, that is, has death in it. What obstructs the development of the mind in its outgrowth is vice or sin as it touches relations. If the obstruction to growth hinders only the individual it is vice. If the drag on growth also hurts some one else it is sin. Sin is social maladjustment, social disease, social death. Sin is either brought about through ignorance of the consequences that it will bring in its train, or it is selfishness running amuck.

A soul at the zero mark and dependent on its own experience to make progress to the goal of the completely builded life must have some way of knowing what things are, beside being told. And if the monitor is finite in wisdom, then it becomes doubly important that the experiences of growth must have consequences that leave no doubt as to their help or hindrance in the process. Therefore we must dispose of both sin and suffering upon some rational basis, some scientific process, that will make living a natural outgoing of the soul. If this life is thus to be explained we can become judges at once of the heinousness of crime and sin. We can write down war as the most ferocious and futile of human follies. We can see why sin is so assinine. With this understanding of free will and the law of cause and effect in morals as well as in physics we can see that sin is arrogant anti-sociality, criminal individualism, brutish disregard of one's fellows. Sin is not some malady sent adrift in a bygone age, but an outcropping of unsocial desires. And the same organism that registers joy registers also pain. Here lies the way of life and progress. We can now make conditions make us. We can become as God with a knowledge that will make a distinction between good and evil.

With some it is a question whether the human race can stand the strain that modern conditions put upon it. Certainly with some sections of our citizenship the pace seems to be too rapid. The burdens seem too heavy for some. There is a disregard for social solidarity that flares up in crime waves and exploitation that is menacing. The question is also raised as to the fitness of the complete body of people to receive a liberal or college education. How far can the masses be carried in the educational processes and profit by that discipline? When the I. Q. of the American people lies somewhere around that of an adolescent lad of fourteen years we must sit up and take notice. Is there such an iron law as inequality? Is civilization to be overtaken by the nemesis of the unfit? And many other questions of like import intrude themselves into any reconstruction of religion that will enable civilization to reach its goal. The Universalist minister, especially, is challenged to the task. Our Church can not render a finer service to the world than to take a definite lead in this reconstruction.

In such a world as ours, there is less and less room for agnostic and negative features of religion. Metaphysical and dogmatic asseverations stir no wills. Our troubled world has been trying to live on the religion of authority too long. It must now begin to live out the authority of real religion. Instead of trying to live on a mystical experience it has been living a mystery. Where a real spirit of holiness would bring order out of chaos, men have clouded the sky with a legion of angels coming to wind up this order. Men are beginning to see the absurdity of redeeming a world alien to God and hostile to man. This world order is coming into its own as the most stupendous manifestation of power and wisdom conceivable to man. It is being looked upon as the thesaurus of infinite energy and the embodiment of illimitable love. And the reconstruction in religion now upon us must face these facts. Here lies the way to the builders of that new faith in God that will redeem the world. Are we qualified to do this work?

Is it our business to tell business where to head in? Can we raise up a standard of statesmanship that will be as comprehensive as human relations and as unselfish as social solidarity demands? Are we able for the task?

We must qualify or cease to be considered.

Washington Letter

Clarence E. Rice

WITH the coming of the Lenten Season and the adjournment of Congress the round of social activities here in Washington has in a large measure ceased and is replaced in some degree by philanthropic and religious interests.

The work of the Church of Our Father gains momentum as the season advances. Appropriate subjects for the season are advertised and treated each Sunday, and during Holy Week every afternoon union services are held in our church, All Souls Church uniting with us. The general topic is "Foes to the Christian Life," with the following sub-topics treated by the ministers of the churches, alternately: "Secret Faults," "Foes of Our Own Household," "Preparation to Meet Foes," "The Holy Communion," "The Way of the Cross." Thursday evening communion will be celebrated, both churches uniting.

The Washington church keeps in touch with our church in Baltimore. Dr. LeGrand Powers and the Rev. Henry A. Abbott of Washington are frequent supplies in Baltimore. The young people of the churches of both cities have frequent joint meetings. A joint meeting of the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Y. P. C. U.'s was held in the latter city March 17 and 18. The Ladies' Aid are preparing for an Easter sale in Washington and members are assisting the pastor in a round of parish calling for the purpose of increasing church attendance and interest. The Comrades, numbering about thirty of the strong men of the church, meet regularly and are also assisting by calling on men of the parish whom they wish

to interest. Last week when Dr. Lowe's call came to organize for the great canvass, the Comrades met and discussed plans. They will hold a joint meeting with the trustees of the parish at an early date and work will be begun on the canvass.

The Church of Our Father is planning to use the large new lot on New Hampshire Avenue as soon as the spring opens. The lot is large, containing over 27,000 square feet. This lot will be leveled and open air services, festivals, etc., will be held. A large sign will be placed prominently on the lot announcing the erection of the Memorial Church here in the near future. Thus the city as well as our own church people will have their interest quickened in the great enterprise.

Deeply interested as we all are in our church in the Capital City there are other interests here that crowd upon us. The whole country has watched with much displeasure, not to say disgust, the closing days of the sixty-seventh Congress. Many are saying: How long, O Lord, how long must we behold Congress frittering away hours and days in filibustering and in an orgy of brass band music, horse play and hilarity, not to use any stronger terms, while great issues of the country and the world are at stake! If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning what shall we say when our Congress fiddles while the whole world is threatened with conflagration? The President's plea for an International Court, Borah's splendid resolution to outlaw war between nations, and many others vital to us and to the world, all turned down or left while the members of both houses wasted time by filibuster and useless talk to kill time. What may not take place before our next Congress convenes in December? Europe seething and another war threatened that may destroy civilization, and we wait to see what may happen! The President said, "If I catch the conscience of America we shall lead the world to outlaw war." The conscience of America is caught, but the conscience of politicians and legislators is another matter.

The people are being aroused to these great needs. As I write the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is holding its session in Washington. They are considering live and often burning issues. I have just heard two stirring addresses, one by Miss Royden and one by that dramatic and eloquent young man known generally as Private Peat. Miss Royden, in whom we are all interested because she was Dr. J. Fort Newton's assistant in the London City Temple, spoke with deep earnestness and convincing logic while she pleaded to have international affairs taken out of the hands of politicians. The other speaker held his audience spellbound while, with dramatic power and whirlwind eloquence, he asked for an education of all nations that would put behind them forever the atrocities of war. Other great organizations are at work here, like the National Council for the Prevention of War, the Federal Council of the Churches, etc. They are striking telling blows that must sooner or later be felt all over the land. May we not hope that the people may become so outspoken that even our National Senate may be aroused?

I was invited yesterday to a dinner given to Edwin Markham, the poet, whose recent article in the *Leader* on the Poetry and Passion of the Prophets was so much appreciated. His white hair and beard and his benevolent face gave him something of the appearance of a prophet himself. He spoke on "The Politics of Jesus," and afterwards read several of his short poems. His address was on broad lines and was an earnest plea to return to the real life proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. Echoes of such stirring addresses as I have recently listened to in the Capital of the nation must sooner or later reach every section. What I have written is but a tithe of what in so many ways is finding expression in Washington.

March 16, 1923.

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A CALL TO PRAYER

Issued by the Federal Council

WHEN has the world's need for sympathy and brotherhood been so impelling and beseeching as it is to-day? When have hate and selfishness so nearly brought ruin to all that is helpful and good? How shall the Church perform to-day the task to which God has sent her as the light of the world and the salt of the earth, if her own lamp is not trimmed and burning and her own life so true that she can be the purifying influence in a time of selfishness and sin?

The call to the Church is first of all a summons to prayer and consecration. We need to confess our shortcomings and to be ashamed of our aloofness, our sinfulness and complacency. Let us examine ourselves before we take others to task. Hatred and selfish unconcern will cease among the nations when they cease in the individual hearts of men and women.

There is a deepening conviction among men that the greatest power on earth is the power of prayer. It will release more energy for the world's help than any other agency. Pentecosts are ever at hand and will fall upon the Church when by the same method that precipitated the first Pentecost she brings herself close to the Infinite.

> "Day long a craven cry goes up,
> The people drink a bitter cup,
> They languish, seeking stone for bread.
> Brave faith seems fallen—the old hope dead,
> The babblers will not cease,
> The people have no peace.
> Wake, make your strings of fire!
> God for us—strike the lyre!"

"He went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God."

"And when it was day . . . he came down . . . and stood in the plain . . . There went virtue out of him and healed them all."

Thus, with the Master, he who would do the work of the world in the daylight hours must find his way back, at every eventide, to the sources of his spiritual strength. There is no vital service without its commensurate spiritual life, and the one will be as real and abiding as the other is deep and reverent.

The world's deepest need is not political, is not economic; it is, in every age, and above all at the present hour, the need of vital personal religion.

THE WORDS OF JESUS

Arthur J. Lockhart

John 6 : 34, 7 : 66
Luke 4 : 22, 24 : 32

The words of Jesus, scattered free
O'er Judah and o'er Galilee,
Like golden chords of music thrill
The heart with their divining still.

'Tis now, as in that earlier day,
The words of Jesus win their way:
Words of vain wisdom we forget;
The words of Jesus linger yet.

No word, of all his lips discussed,
He wrote—save once in silent dust
With his forefinger. God most high,
Who sent them, would not let them die.

Make not thy soft appeal to me,
Thou vain Circean minstrelsy!
Cease, ye loud voices clamoring near—
The words of Jesus let me hear.

The beauty of the earth and sky,
The flowery field, the mountain high,—
All that doth the world's glory make—
Glows in the word our Master spake:
The lake, the lily and the star
The shining words of Jesus are.

He learned those wondrous words among
The hosts that sang the Bethlehem song:
So they with loveliness are rife,
And they are spirit, they are life.

The primal thought, the world unseen,
The solvent grace, the golden mean,
The Holy Spirit's accent sweet—
All in the words of Jesus meet.

Devotion's infinite degree,
Salvation's charmed philosophy,
Faith—of celestial life the ground—
Are in the words of Jesus found.

Isaiah's rapture burneth there;
The mother's love, the shepherd's care;
The groaning Hebrew's deep complaint,
When his worn heart was like to faint.

He spake—his words like meteors slid
Adown the darks of time; nor did
They gleam a moment to expire,
But star-like burn, a constant fire,
And this it was that gave them speed,
The word was prelude to the deed.

The words of Jesus breathe a spell
Each evil militant to quell:
Gone are the powers of hate and fear,
And peaceful angels hover near.

The words of Jesus burn with love,
The words of Jesus strangely move:
They soothe—they charm—they rouse—they pierce
Like lightning through thought's universe.

The words of Jesus onward go,
With power confessed by friend and foe:
Even hostile tongues make jubilee,
With—"Never mortal spake as he!"

The broken hammers bootless lie
The anvil of the altar nigh.
The words of Jesus must avail;
They breathe the Truth that can not fail;
Such accent Time hath never heard,
Save from his lips, who is the Word.

No sullen falsehood can outreach
The flaming arrows of his speech:
In safety crawls no thing of night
Where his great sentence springs the light.

The Words of Jesus pass not by;
The Truth of Jesus can not die;
In heart and conscience ever rife,
They are the Rule and Law of Life.

He lived the truth: and happy I
If I may shape my life thereby,—
If in a world of vanity
I think, and feel, and live as he.

Speak, Prophet! If thy soul be stirred—
But speak according to the Word.
Sun, moon and stars, their lights still pale,
The words of human wisdom fail:
The Words of Jesus stand and stay,
When Heaven and Earth have passed away.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Loaned Umbrella

THE daughter of Keturah came to see us, and when she left, behold it was raining.

And she said, Loan me an Unbrella I pray thee and loan me not thy best one.

And I said, Here is an Umbrella which I keep for the express purpose of loaning it.

And as she raised it she remarked that no Ribs were broken, which was unusual in an Umbrella which was kept for the purpose of loaning.

And on the next day she brought it back. And she said, Father, that Umbrella doth not shed the Rain, nor doth it greatly change the direction thereof, but it straineth the Rain.

And I said, I am glad that it doth as much as that.

And she said, This Umbrella is good for just one thing, and that is to loan.

And I said, Yea, and it hath this advantage, that it always cometh back, whereas, when I loaned better ones, they came not back.

And she said, That is a Great System. However, the next time I will borrow thy good one.

Now I notice this difference between Keturah and the daughter of Keturah. Peradventure some one sendeth unto us some pleasant thing, saying, This is for the Venerable Sage and his Noble wife, Keturah saith, How beautiful it is that our friends think so well of us; let us give God thanks that our friends love so well such unworthy folk as we are. But the daughter of Keturah doth say, There is one Satisfaction, we deserve it.

And this one difference between them, and for that difference I love Keturah and I am delighted with her daughter.

But I pondered on the advantage of having two umbrellas, one of them not too good to loan. For I once had Two Deacons, both of them righteous men,

and both living on the same street. And one of them spake unto me, saying, My umbrella hath my name painted on the inside of it in White Paint, and on the Sabbath Day when it raineth, I walk behind the other Deacon, and read my own name plainly as he holdeth my Umbrella high above his own head and the head of his wife.

But albeit I have Two Umbrellas, and the daughter of Keturah saith that one of them is good only to lend, and I suspect that I have been able to keep it longer on that account, yet have I sometimes loaned my very best one, and I still have it. For the Average Man is Honest, even as regards Umbrellas.

* * *

A CRITICISM OF A CRITICISM

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

If there is one thing that "Liberalism" does not mean, it is: Refusal to examine any idea which may further free mankind from his bondage to self.

James Harvey Robinson has so clearly shown us that we can not accept or reject until we understand. It was clearly the duty, therefore, of the author of the criticism of M. Coue to first understand *what* he was criticising before he criticised. In the first place he has placed Coue's method as exemplifying all so-called metaphysical religions. He refers to healing and suggests healers as though they were all believers in curing the troubles of humans by repeating a semi-civilized formula over and over.

Whatever may be inconsistent in Coue's idea, or any more or less metaphysical religion, there is quite positively evidence that such systems have done *some* good. All good Universalists have implicit faith in God, and while some have not yet reached the place where their understanding enables them to accept an absolute basis of faith and perhaps never will, they do condemn any practise which retards the growth of the human race.

It is not my purpose, in this letter, to defend any particular sect or idea, nor to advance any "theories." I do suggest, however, that certain ideas, religions, or whatever you call them, are being advanced nowadays which merit attention by all liberal-minded and thinking people. Any person who is at all familiar with many of the "mind" systems will at once recognize a lack of investigation on the part of the author of the criticism spoken of.

Harold S. Webb.

Ellsworth, Maine.

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DR. BARTON'S REPORT FROM LAUSANNE

Dr. James L. Barton, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and chairman of the Near East Relief, has been meeting various groups in New York and other cities and giving most graphic and significant pictures of his several weeks' stay at the famous Conference. One interesting thing about Dr. Barton's visit was that he seemed to get closer to the Turkish delegates than any one else present, official or unofficial delegates. One thing has been made very apparent and that is that Turkey has come back, and henceforth the nations will have to meet Turkey as an equal. Says Dr. Barton: "That Turkey has come back may be unpalatable to many of us, but it is a solid fact. Our institutions have got to plan to turn their attention to taking care of an unprecedented number of Turkish students, but they will go on under the new conditions and they will ultimately, I hope, revolutionize the life of Turkey."

Regarding American institutions in Turkey, which was the branch of the discussion in which Dr. Barton was particularly employed, he declared that in spite of many disappointments the Conference had demonstrated that the Turks were anxious to retain the American institutions in their country. He said that he was entirely convinced that promises given for their protection were sincere and would be lived up to, if Ismet Pasha and other Lausanne delegates continued in power.

Dr. Barton also emphasized the fact that the American delegation had stuck to four main points and had won three of them; the open Straits issue, the retention of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople and the indemnification of the Armenians who had left their property behind in Turkey. The fourth point, the Armenians' national home, he declared, was temporarily lost.—*World Alliance for International Friendship.*

* * *

A DYNAMIC RELIGION*

"A crisis confronts religion in the modern world." With these words Prof. Charles Ellwood begins his new book. A sociologist of note, his views are sure to be received with respect. His program for the reconstruction of religion deserves and will have careful consideration, and is more than likely to play a prominent part in the process of reorganization which is generally recognized to be necessary.

His analysis of the present situation is that the weakness of religion is not due to the encroachments of science upon faith, but to the failure of religion to utilize science, both physical and social. Our need is for a rational religion, not because reason can find the answer to all the problems of the universe, but because reason can indicate the way and can at least show where truth is not. We have struggled, he believes, for a rational religion, but we have failed, and the result of our failure is the return to paganism which characterizes modern civilization and which is summed up in the teaching of Nietzsche. The situation is desperate, and yet Professor Ellwood refuses to despair, for "the religious revolution has now given religion the opportunity to become a dynamic rather than a static thing."

In the attempt to outline the dynamic religion he desires, he first demonstrates the social significance of religion. That religion has been almost co-existent with society is well established. Why is this so? Because, answers Professor Ellwood, religion gives a universal value and meaning to man's acts and ideas; because religion aids the group to control the individual in the interests of the group; because it consecrates individual efforts for humanitarian ends; and because it affirms the reality of the spiritual. For all these reasons religion has, throughout its evolution from pre-animism to monotheism, played an important part in the development of society. Indeed it is religion that has made civilization possible, for as it has developed civilization has developed. Now our task is "to secure the general acceptance of a religion adapted to the requirements of continuous progress toward an ideal society, consisting of all humanity."

Turning to Christianity the author considers its origin in relation to religious movements of the time. His conclusion is that from this angle Christianity appears as "a new set of 'pattern ideas' marking a new type of culture, a culture with a non-predatory morality on a humanitarian basis." Jesus taught that the only possible way to serve God is through the service of men. "He revolutionized both religion and ethics in humanizing both." Men have insisted on taking as a theological and metaphysical doctrine what was meant as a practical ethical and social attitude.

It is not enough, however, to perceive the importance of Jesus's teachings; we must also acknowledge that we are living in a semi-pagan world, a world that professes Christ but follows pagan ethics in its family life, its business relations, and its po-

*"The Reconstruction of Religion." Charles A. Ellwood.

litical and international conduct. We must see that we have come to the parting of the ways, that we can no longer exist part civilized and part barbarian; one element or the other must conquer.

On its positive side Christianity, as Professor Ellwood sees its reconstruction, will reaffirm a belief in God, although it may conceive Him in unorthodox terms. It will assert a belief in immortality, for its fundamental assumption is the importance of the personality, incomplete surely if a victim of death. It will follow Jesus, not as a mystic being, but as a great pioneer and leader in the religion of humanity. For the individual it will stress service as the goal of life and the path to self-development, while love will be the motivating force.

After outlining the social significance of Christianity and its fundamental beliefs, the next step is to indicate its attitude toward the other important institutions of civilization. The family is the first of these to occupy the author's attention, and he makes the chapter an ardent plea for a recognition of the social values involved in family life. Divorce and the instability of family relations he traces to economic stress and the selfish individualism of our "*mores*." When we learn to subscribe to Jesus's doctrine of the supreme importance of the little child, in other words when we recognize our obligation to posterity, we shall solve the marriage problem.

His application of the principles of Christianity to the family indicates his procedure with the political life, the economic life, and social pleasure. In each of these fields we see the knowledge and intelligence of the sociologist applying to the outstanding problems of the day a set of principles which he believes absolutely adequate for a solution, and which he has derived in the main from the teachings of Jesus. This study rounds out and completes the whole, making it a work that should be the textbook of every minister and layman who is looking for a better and more Christian social order.

G. H.

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RECENT BOOKS ON RURAL PROBLEMS

The Information Service of the Federal Council reviews a number of the more important books and bulletins on rural problems recently published.

"Rural Sociology" ($3.00), by Prof. John Morris Gillette of the University of North Dakota, is comprehensive but marred at points by statistical and other inaccuracies. He makes his most valuable contribution in his discussion of the marginal and subnormal elements of the rural population. "The National Influence of a Single Farm Community" ($.20), by Emily F. Hoag, is one of a series of bulletins from the Section of Farm Life Studies of the Office of Farm Management and Farm Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is devoted to a detailed analysis of the contribution to national life made by Belleville, Jefferson County, N. Y. Rural spokesmen have dinned into our ears for a decade past the proclamation that the migration of people from the farm to the city was a source of greatest danger not to the country alone but to the whole nation. This pamphlet asks itself: "Who migrates from the farm?" "Where do they go?" "What occupations do they enter?" "What achievements do they make?" "What of the community that they leave behind?" and attempts no general answer but a specific one.

"The Farmer and His Community" ($1.25), by Dwight Sanderson, professor of Rural Social Organization at Cornell University, is important chiefly in the fact that it gives us in clear and non-technical language a statement, in the light of all modern conditions, of those needs and interests of rural people which are in some degree susceptible of approach through organized group action. There are chapters on the farm home, means of communication, farm business, education, religion, health, play and recreation, government, etc., each in relation to the community. "Organizing the Community" ($1.75), by B. A. McClenahan, is a careful analysis from the "social worker's" point of view of tested methods of organization and operation to deal with problems which we must recognize are usually woefully neglected in rural communities.

The purpose of "Rural Child Welfare" ($3.00), an inquiry by the National Child Labor Committee edited by Dr. Clopper and written with the collaboration of seven others, is to describe "social and economic conditions affecting children favorably or adversely in their health, schooling, play and work," and to discuss "the problems which these conditions present to citizens, social agencies, and state and local governments." "The Rural Mind and Social Welfare" ($2.00), by Ernest R. Groves, is an interesting, if not entirely convincing, application of modern psychology to the analysis of the questions of rural social welfare.

Social life and recreation are treated in a series of pamphlets issued by the N. Y. Committee Service Inc. on the subject of "Community Drama" ($.60), "Rural and Small Community Recreation," "Community Music" and "Recreative Athletics" (all $.50).

"Peacemakers in Farmers' Co-operation" ($.15), by Benson Y. Landis, contains much important material. The author gives an excellent brief summary of the development of co-operation, its kinds and methods of organization and operation and probable tendencies. On the basis of an original study of a large number of communities, culled from the rural surveys of the Interchurch World Movement, he presents an analysis of the factors within the local community which seem to advance or retard the co-operative development. "The Agricultural Bloc" ($1.25), by Senator Arthur Capper, is a timely and interesting book which will help us to understand the reason for the existence of this agrarian movement and its program. Senator Capper makes a forceful statement of those questions affecting rural welfare which many people think require special legislative consideration. Chiefly these questions concern post-war depression, inequality of price levels, credit, transportation, marketing, co-operation and protection from foreign competition. In these chapters, Senator Capper is always clear if not always profound or convincing.

"Rural Church Life in the Middle West" ($1.75), by Benson Y. Landis, and "Irrigation and Religion" ($1.75), by Edmund and Mary V. Brunner, are two of the series of regional surveys issued by the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys. The four counties with which these two studies deal may quite fairly be taken as samples of the four more prevalent aspects of rural life in the Middle West. Mr. Landis, in his chapter on Economic and Social Tendencies, gives an excellent brief summary of the broader movements of rural advance in the Middle West, the growth of economic co-operation, the tendencies as to land speculation, the movement toward better school, health and library facilities and the general social and agricultural situation.

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A NOBLE ENCYCLICAL

The consistory and the pastors of the Protestant National Church of Geneva have sent a noble letter to all their Christian brethren in Europe and America, asking that it be read in the churches on Easter Sunday. It draws a vivid picture of the terrible conditions in the devastated, famine stricken countries that were in the war, and the conditions in the neutral countries are not much better. Two ways now lie before the nations, it says: "Either the nations, dominated by egoism, will refuse to help one another and will seek the satisfaction of proud dreams of grandeur and of exclusively material prosperity, and will continue to cherish thoughts of vengeance, violence, and hatred, or they will listen to the call of the Saviour and welcome his message of peace, hope and life. Was it not he who said: Love one another. Love your enemies. Blessed are the merciful?" The letter goes on to say that the Churches must immediately, in all parts of the world, insist that the nations adopt the Spirit of Christ in all their operations or there is no hope for the world. Many sceptics and mockers are saying to-day that the message of Christ is a Utopia, a folly, and unless we, the disciples of Christ, believe and know that the world can be saved "by the folly of the cross, by a burning flame of charity, by the power of sacrifice freely rendered" there is no hope.—*World Alliance for International Friendship.*

Home and Children

A PRAYER

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves they also knew;
Lord, Holy One! If Thou, who knowest worse,
Should loathe us too!

Richard Chevenix Trench.

* * *

TWO PAIRS OF SPECTACLES

THERE were once little girl twins named Sally and Susy who looked as much alike as two peas. Both had blue eyes, pretty brown curls and dimpled cheeks. If their mother had not always dressed Susy in pink and Sally in blue no one could ever have told them apart.

One fall day Sally and Susy took two little baskets of luncheon and went out into the woods to gather nuts. They made a very pretty picture as they walked along together. The flowers on Sally's dress were not so blue as her eyes, nor were those on Susy's dress so pink as her cheeks, and the sunshine itself was no brighter than their happy faces.

They had gone only a little way when they met a little old peddler with silvery hair and kind, bright eyes.

"Good morning, children," said the peddler. "Do you happen to want any spectacles this morning?"

"No, thank you," said Sally politely.

And Susy added, "Nobody in our family wears spectacles except grandma."

The old man shook his head. "Yes," he said, "old folks are more likely to need them than young folks. Especially rose-colored specs."

"Rose-colored?" asked Sally. "I never saw any rose-colored spectacles. Grandma's are white."

"Mine are all colors," the peddler replied. He slipped his pack off his shoulders and began to unstrap it. "Perhaps you would like to see them."

"Indeed we should," said Susy and Sally together.

The peddler opened his pack, and spread out his wares. There were, as he had said, spectacles of all colors—pink, green, blue, yellow, lavender, and many strange and unusual shades besides.

The two little sisters were delighted.

The peddler's eyes twinkled merrily. "I will give you each a pair," he said kindly. "Spectacles of this kind do not have to be fitted to the eyes. Take any color that you wish."

"I shall choose pink ones because I always wear pink," Susy said.

The peddler handed her a pair of rose-colored spectacles. "You have chosen wisely, my dear," he said.

"I shall choose blue ones," said Sally, "because I always wear blue."

The peddler looked troubled. "Perhaps you would find some other color more pleasing," he told her. "Don't you like these yellow ones? Or how would another rose-colored pair like your sister's do?"

Sally pouted. "I want blue," she said.

Without another word the peddler handed her a pair of blue spectacles. "If you find they don't suit," he said kindly, "come back to this spot to-morrow, and exchange them. I shall be here."

He helped the girls to put on their spectacles, and then, shouldering his pack again, he bade them good-by and went trudging down the road.

The twins looked after him. At the bend of the road the peddler turned, too, and waved to them.

"What a nice old man!" said Susy.

"It's too bad he's so plain," Sally replied.

"Why, I didn't think he was plain at all!" Susy exclaimed. "His hair was like silver, and he had such a kind, jolly face."

"His mouth was crooked, and he had a wart on his nose," said Sally. "I noticed it just as he was leaving."

"That's queer; I didn't notice it at all," Susy said.

They walked on toward the woods, but before they had gone far Sally stopped and said, "I think we had better go home. It is going to rain. Just see that big dark cloud!"

Susy glanced at the sky. "Why, I never saw the sky clearer or the sunshine brighter! And where is the cloud?"

Sally looked cross. She pointed to a little wisp of cloud that Susy had not even noticed.

"Oh, that little thing!" said Susy, laughing. "A shower out of that cloud wouldn't wet a baby chick. Come on. We're nearly to the woods. I'm getting hungry for some lunch."

When they reached the woods Susy clapped her hands. "Just look at the beautiful big nuts all over the ground!" she cried.

"I don't call them big!" said Sally. "And I must say I don't see very many, either, and what few there are look wormy!"

"Oh, I think they are lovely!" Susy said. "Let's eat our luncheon first and then fill our baskets with nuts."

They sat down on a mossy bank and opened the two little baskets.

"How good the food looks!" said Susy. "Chicken and jelly sandwiches and gingerbread and little frosted cakes!"

But Sally was frowning.

"The sandwiches are all broken up," she said, "and the cakes are stuck together. The gingerbread is burned, too."

And she would scarcely eat anything at all.

Her luncheon eaten, Susy scurried round like a busy squirrel and soon had her basket full of nuts. Sally kept looking at the sky and talking about the storm that she knew was coming. She gathered scarcely a handful of nuts.

No one who met the little girls on the way home would have dreamed that they were twins. Susy's face was bright and smiling, while Sally's wore a discontented frown. They no longer looked alike.

"What a quantity of nuts, and did you have a good time?" grandmother asked when they reached home.

"Beautiful!" said Susy with a smile.

"Horrid!" said Sally at the same time.

Their mother glanced up from her sewing. "Don't you feel well, Sally?" she asked. Then she added, "Where did you get those spectacles?"

Susy and Sally told all about the peddler.

Their mother smiled as she listened. "So he said that you might exchange the spectacles if they didn't suit?" she said. "Well, you'd better carry yours back, Sally, and get a pair like Susy's. In the meantime I should take this pair off if I were you."

Sally took the spectacles off, and immediately her frown disappeared. She began to laugh.

"Why," she said, "it must have been the blue spectacles that made everything seem so horrid!"

Next morning Sally and Susy found the peddler, waiting in the very same spot where they had met before.

"Don't the spectacles suit?" he asked.

"Susy's do, but mine don't," replied Sally. "I think I should like a rose-colored pair, after all."

The peddler's eyes twinkled as he opened his pack. "I thought you would," he said.—*Ursula Kimball Russell, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

NAMING A HEROINE

It was my privilege the other evening to be consulted by a novelist of eminence on what names he should give certain characters in his new story. Any one who overheard our discussion could never again adopt Juliet's light-hearted attitude with regard to the significance of names. In my friend's study there is everything in a name.

"I've got a girl," he said, "about twenty-two—modern, pretty, mischievous and with red hair. She's tall and slender. What shall I call her?"

"Many modern girls are called Peggy or Betty," I said after long and careful thought.

"She's not so frivolous as that."

"Well, then, Nancy?"

"No, she's not Nancy; she dresses too well."

"Olive?" I suggested.

"Didn't I mention that her hair is red?"

"Very well, then, Anne."

"No, Anne's impossible. I know an Anne."

"What about Eleanor?"

"Didn't I say she was mischievous? Eleanors are never mischievous."

"Sheila is coming into fashion," I said.

"Sheila's impossible in this case. The girl's a Nonconformist minister's daughter."

"You never told me that," I replied testily. "Really I must have the complete brief if I'm to be of any use."

"Very well, then," he said, "she hasn't got a dimple."

"Why do you tell me that?" I asked.

"To help you," he said. "It would make a difference. If she has a dimple, you can't call her Matilda, for example, or Martha. And if her hair is bobbed, you can't call her Godiva. Unless the book is illustrated, the name must paint a portrait. Her hair is not bobbed."

"What do you say to Winnie?" I asked.

"Impossible. She's too tall."

"Then Clarice?"

"No, not with red hair."

"What about Posy?"

"Posy is for a smaller woman altogether. Something to pet. This girl is rather frightening."

"Oh, frightening, is she? Very well then, Pauline."

"No, not so impressive as that."

"Thora, then?"

"I ask you," he said scornfully, "would a Thora be pretty? She might be statuesque or beautiful, but not pretty."

I suggested Elspeth.

"No, that's Scotch. She's very English."

"Very well then, Nesta."

"I can't use Nesta. I know a Nesta."

"Violet? It would be shortened to Vi."

"No, I know a Violet."

"But does that matter?" I asked.

"It matters very much. This isn't my first novel, remember. One has to be very careful."

"What about Margot?"

"Absolutely impossible."

"I can't think of any more names," I said. "Oh, yes, Dorothy."

"I know a Dorothy."

"You know too many women," I said.

"I do," he admitted.

"What about Jocelyn?" I asked.

"I rather like that," he said. "Yes, Jocelyn isn't bad. Yes, we'll fix it at Jocelyn. You've been very useful to me; do you mind helping me with a man now? I've got a man—the hero, in fact,—good-looking, dark, serious, fastidious."

"John," I said at once.

"No, not quite John. John is all right up to a point, but after that he breaks away into something less solid, less honorable, less normal."

"Henry?" I suggested.

"No, not Henry. Some of him is Henry, but not much. He is rather too modern."

"What about Eustace?"

"No, he's better than that—more human."

"Leonard?"

"Isn't Leonard a little affected?"

"Perhaps so," I said, "but not so much so as Marmaduke."

"Then why drag Marmaduke in?" he asked sharply. "This is a serious matter, you know."

I nodded contritely. "How do you like Maurice?" I inquired.

"I know a Maurice."

"Or Edgar?"

"No, not suitable at all."

"Gerard?"

"I know a Gerard."

"You might dodge the difficulty by giving him a surname as a Christian name," I suggested; "such as, for instance, Grantley. His friends could call him Grant."

"That's not a bad idea," he said. "Yes, I think I'll adopt that."

So if you come across a new novel in the autumn with the hero named Grantley and a girl named Jocelyn, you will know whom to thank.

But I assure you I was very glad to get the matter settled.—*E. V. Lucas, in Punch.*

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WHERE THEIR PENNIES WENT

The Sunday school teacher had on a lovely new frock, which the children greatly admired. All of them expressed their approval of it, but little Mary. Finally she remarked thoughtfully:

"We had to bring our pennies to Sunday school for lots and lots of Sundays before you could buy that dress; didn't we, teacher?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE COMING OF SPRING

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare—
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

Nora Perry.

* * *

WHAT IS A CALIPH?

Most misleading of all the illusions about Mohammedanism, is the tacit assumption that the Mohammedan world is a religious unit. Seen a long way off the sects and groups fade away. In reality there are two great branches of Mohammedanism, the Sunnites and the Shiites. Among both these branches, and also outside them, there are sharply drawn cleavages.

Recent caliphs, who have been the sultans of Turkey, have claimed spiritual supremacy over the Mohammedan world of some 300,000,000 souls. But in actual fact the sultan of Turkey had little more spiritual ascendancy over the Mohammedans outside Turkey than the king of England has over the Episcopalians in the United States. In fact there would be no urgent Near East problem at this moment had his leadership been recognized on the other side of the Bosporus in Asia Minor.

A very important difference between the Western mind and the Mohammedan viewpoint has, hitherto, precluded a spiritual ascendancy in Islam which would cut across all lines of temporal power and include even warring nations. The Mohammedan has no priests. Islam is one of the most pragmatic of religions. Heretofore if a caliph did not rule he wasn't a caliph. A spiritual ruler up to now has been incomprehensible to the Moslem mind. And it remains to be seen whether the radical step taken by the Turkish Nationalists in setting up a caliph shorn of temporal power will accomplish a permanent change. Being temporal rulers primarily, caliphs naturally have sought to rule by the sword.

The Mohammedan's religion and his law go hand in hand. Mohammed was a law-giver, not only in the Mosaic but also in the Justinian sense. There are as many codes of law among Mohammedans as there are sects; and as many kinds of lawyers as there are codes. Among the Sunnites, the Orthodox major division of Islam, there are four schools of law. A Hafanite would as soon engage a Malakite lawyer as a Presbyterian congregation would be likely to employ a Unitarian preacher.

The very word "caliph" has an allurement which dates back to childhood days when one lived among those fantastic Arabian Nights at the court of Caliph Harun al Rashid. Rashid was a *bona fide* caliph, and in later years a reading of the historical facts about the caliphate furnishes no fewer thrills than the immortal tales.

When Mohammed died his counselor, Abu Bekr, the companion of his flight, or hegira, became caliph, meaning, literally, successor. Abu Bekr means "father of the virgin." He was Mohammed's father-in-law. The second caliph, or successor, was Omar, another father-in-law of the Prophet, who started organizing armies and began spreading Islam over the map in a very literal sense. Omar was the first to bear the title Emir al Moumenin, "Prince of the Faithful."

From the first, Ali, husband of Mohammed's daughter, Fatima, considered himself the logical successor to the caliphate. Not until Abu Bekr and Omar had ruled, and another caliph, Othman, had his day and had been murdered as was Omar before him, did Ali become caliph.

Certainly Mohammedanism can be termed emphatically a "man's religion." Yet, at this early date, two women were the moving spirits in splitting it into the Sunnite and Shiite divisions which have prevailed ever since. Ayesha, favorite wife of the Prophet, always had been jealous of his daughter, Fatima, and the succession of Fatima's husband directed all her efforts upon an anti-Ali party. Meantime, the group which, all along, had regarded Ali as the legitimate successor, gained strength during his rule but were kept busy fighting to hold the sway Omar had established.

When Ali's son and successor, Hassan, was murdered, probably by the hand of his wife at the behest of Moawiyah, this Moawiyah assumed the caliphate, removed its seat to Damascus, and began the series of rulers known as Ommiades. Henceforth the Shiites were alienated from the Sunnites, or Orthodox Mohammedans, because of their reverence for Ali and Hassan, and their belief that the first of the Ommiades and his successors were usurpers and pretenders. Arabian and Persian Mohammedans inclined toward the Shiite faction.

Away back in the days of the successor to Moawiyah the inhabitants of Iraq rebelled—the same Iraq which only a year or so ago launched out again on its national course after electing Emir Feisal as king. Feisal is the third son of the Grand Sheriff of Mecca.

It was during another series of caliphates, that of the Abbasid monarchs, that Harun al Rashid ruled. And it was after his reign that the division of the caliphate among his three sons made the caliphate into a sort of commission form of government. One son was to hold sway over Arabia and Syria, another in Persia and Turkestan, and a third in Asia Minor and the Black Sea region.

At another time, toward the end of the tenth century, Bagdad, Cairo and Cordova, Spain, all were the seats of separate ruling caliphs, though this was no amicable division. Each caliph declared the other a heretic and held himself the lone head of all Islam.

How Abul Abbas, first of the Abbasid monarchs, had every living male of the Ommiades thrown into prison, killed them all, and then gave a banquet on a great cloth thrown over their bones, is but one example of the fantastic cruelty of the centuries-long struggle to be caliph.

The story of the caliphate would fill—has filled—volumes. The assumption of the title by the sultans of Turkey is a modern and perhaps a minor chapter in the struggle to be "The Successor" and thus to hold sway over this mighty force of Islam. Points of special interest are that force often has played a major part in assumption of the role, that there have been several caliphs both by mutual agreement and also by rivalry, and that acquiring the title of caliph by no means guarantees its recognition by the Moslem world.—*Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.*

* * *

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I wonder if it's loaded? I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Look at this wire hanging down into the street. I'll throw it to one side."

"I wonder how much electricity these wires carry? I'll touch one and find out."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight?"

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"It's no fun swimming here. I'm going out beyond the lifelines."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before, but they say it's perfectly simple."

"I wonder if my gasoline tank is empty? I'll strike a match and see."—*Exchange.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

March 25, morning, Haverhill, Mass.; evening, Chelsea, Mass.

April 1, morning, Chelsea, Mass.

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LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

My old home town is not what it used to be when I was born there. It has changed in as many as seven ways. The elevated trains, pulled by the little steam engines, were the fastest method of travel south of the Grand Central, and they were all local trains. A few of the street car lines were run by cable, but on most of them the horse was still the motive power. The cars were of many different colors, and if I could have had my way we would have chosen our means of conveyance, not by its route and destination, but by my preference in colors. I can remember one line that used cars of a brilliant purple, and I have never forgiven my folks because they never took me to ride in one of them. I have no idea where those cars went. One line, that ran on University Place, used cars that I described as "a dark shade of white," which was a good description. As I had no idea of what a university might be, I insisted on calling them the "Universalist Place" cars. I knew something about that, or thought I did.

Down in my father's store on Beekman Street, which handled a wholesale and export business that ran into large figures, there was neither telephone nor typewriter. Now there are telephones in every nook and corner of every office and store, it seems, and yet Erwin McLaughlin, president of the New York State Y. P. C. U., who was my host on this visit, and who has charge of the cables connecting the various exchanges of the New York Telephone Co., told me they were making plans for a 100 per cent increase in telephone traffic in the next five years.

I suppose there are many who sigh for the good old days, even in New York, and who tell of the way that people used to go to church in Manhattan years ago, and then compare this with the migration of the churches, and the smaller congregations of to-day. And yet I wonder about those good old days, and whether New York and Poseyville, and all the other towns in the U. S. A., were any better then than now.

The day after my visit to New York, up in North Adams, Mass., I picked up a book entitled, "The Great Metropolis," written by one Junius Henri Browne, and published about 1870. That was before I was born, and perhaps things had changed before my coming—and perhaps they had not. In a chapter dealing with the churches, he says of one of them: "The worshipers look devout with a mathematical uniformity and precision. They fare sumptuously; they pay their minister $10,000 a year, and are acceptable in the sight of Delmonico and the Deity . . . The pastor is daintily dressed, and reads the prayers with arduous affectation and an almost total omission of the R sound. He shows his delicate hand to advantage and uses his perfumed handkerchief gracefully and exactly at the right periods." I do not know whether his picture is accurate or not. The only thing I remember of any church in New York in a time comparable to that of which he writes is the fun of opening and closing the old pew doors after the service, when the top of those doors was just about on a level with my eyes.

On this visit one of the ambitions of my childhood was realized. After we moved out to Stamford, Conn., and my father graduated into the commuter class, the delight of my young life was to go in to the store with him. From the Grand Central we took the elevated to Third Avenue and thence to City Hall station. When we stopped at Thirty-fourth Street, I watched for the train that ran back and forth to the ferry, and wished with all my heart to ride on it. For thirty years that desire has been suppressed in my soul. But this time coming in from Richmond Hill, we used the old Long Island Railroad station, crossed the ferry, and I had a chance to ride on the Thirty-fourth Street shuttle train, reduced now to a single car. I almost missed my train at the Grand Central by doing it, but it was worth it. So have I escaped one more Freudian danger.

When my father and I went out to lunch there came the greatest pleasure of the day, for after we had eaten he would take me up into the dome of the World Building, the highest in the city, fifteen stories above the street, and there I could survey all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. Perhaps more can be seen from the Woolworth Tower, but I know that from the World Building I could see all that my youthful mind and soul could grasp, and more. The street cars and elevated trains looked just like my toys at home, and I had the whole world at my feet.

I like to go back to little old New York. There are some things that are just the same as they were when, as a two-year old, I ran away in Central Park, had my first encounter with the police and learned what "Keep off the Grass" meant. But there are more things that are radically different, and one of them is the fact that in the Church of the Divine Paternity, and in the Washington Heights church, as well as in others in the Metropolitan District, there are active Young People's Christian Unions that are training a new generation to be the men and women of to-morrow who will help to make little old New York, and big new New York, a little more like unto the City of God.

* *

UP IN THE BERKSHIRES

The good people in North Adams always wonder why I choose the early spring with its rain and snow as the time to visit one of the loveliest places on earth. It is the same reason that sends me to Maine in December and to Texas in July. After the storm which held New York in its grasp while I was there, and that followed me all the way up into the Berkshires, there came a day of glorious sunshine, and I had a chance to climb one of the many hills and look away to the things that are afar off. That is what hills are for. I like to lift up mine eyes unto the hills, but I like much more to lift my feet up there, and stand upon the summit, where there is room to breathe, and where more of God's wonder-world can be seen.

There is a Union in North Adams, and it has just completed the work of transforming an old store-room in the church into an attractive meeting place. It has cost them a goodly sum of money, but they have set about to earn it, and they will succeed, because they are that kind of folks and know how.

And down in Adams, where I stopped over for a few hours, plans are under way for the organization of a Junior Union in the near future.

Stanley Manning.
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, March 15.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

How much the Bible has to say about keeping on, and holding fast—and while we are hold-fasters we do not need to be fossils. What is needed is discernment and determination, as expressed in the counsel "Hold fast that which is good, and cast the bad away."

Zion's Herald.

Christianity came into the world to unite the human family. This is the burden of the music of Christ's heart. He always goes out after that which is lost until he finds it. He will not have any man stand outside who is really anxious to come in. His marching orders to his church are, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Joseph Parker.

Is it not possible that with us as with the people at the first Christ may in all reality be present, but we do not recognize him? He came, but not as they expected. He answered the best prayers, he met the opportunities, he satisfied the deepest needs of men, but for years they did not understand it. Many were still looking for him, when he had already come. It may be so with us.

George Hodges.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

JOURNEYING IN NEW YORK

February and March are not always ideal months for traveling about, but the weather man was especially considerate during the two weeks which I spent visiting certain of our churches in New York.

Beginning at Troy, where I met some of our women on a Saturday afternoon, I journeyed westward, the second appointment being at Fort Plain. Here a goodly number gathered for the meeting and after it a conference was held with the three counselors and the president of the Clara Barton Guild. The Guild Hall which I found here suggested all sorts of possibilities along the line of service. It is soon to be furnished and equipped as a central meeting place, all of which has been made possible by a successful entertainment recently given, which netted the Guild over $165.

At Little Falls I met with the Mission Circle in the afternoon and this group was reinforced at night, when a covered dish supper was served. A second meeting followed at which Lyman Ward of Camp Hill, Ala., spoke of the Southern Industrial School and I told of the work of the Women's Association.

The next two days were divided between Herkimer and Utica and the following evening found me in Central Square. The train was due to arrive at seven o'clock, but like several others on which I have traveled this winter, it experienced a little difficulty in starting. When I finally reached there at 9.30 I found a roomful of patient women who showed their good-nature by their willingness to listen, even at that hour, to all that I wanted to say to them. Newark was also visited and the women here deserve credit for continuing their organization and meeting all their quotas, in spite of the fact that the church is pastorless.

Sunday, March 4, was spent in Rochester and it was very pleasant, and quite like old times, to be with Mr. and Mrs. Rose again. During the Sunday school session I met the adult classes, also certain members of the morning congregation, who remained to hear of our work in the South.

Canandaigua came next in order, and I was glad to be able to spend that night in Victor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Lobdell. Meetings in Albion and Middleport occupied the following day, and from there it was but a short distance to Grace Church in Buffalo. That evening Mrs. Sayles and Mrs. Vogt gave a delightful dinner at the parsonage with eight Universalist women from East Aurora, the president of the local Circle and myself as guests. Following this a meeting was held at the church.

Dolgeville, Cooperstown, and Oneonta claimed my attention the last three days of the trip, and it is our hope that the women in each of these places may soon become identified with the state and national work through a local organization. This, very briefly, covers the places visited. In addition to the meetings when the program of the Association was presented, a number of conferences were held.

It has been encouraging, in almost every case, to see the splendid response of our women in the Mission Circles and our younger women in the Clara Barton Guilds to the calls for increased funds this year. Contributions for the Clara Barton Memorial are coming in. The calendar plan has proved most successful in the larger churches and creditable sums have already been raised. The same is true of the quota for Japan and North Carolina.

"Our people are just beginning to understand the initial letter of the word 'Universalist,' but when we have learned the whole word we shall astonish the world." This is quoted from a recent letter from Rev. Hazel I. Kirk of Japan and should it not be a challenge to us all, in whatever state we may be, to join our thoughts, our gifts, and our prayers to help bring it to pass?

Susan M. Andrews.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Associati on of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOLS HAVE GROWN

The fact that we are to have special emphasis on membership during 1923 does not imply that we did no recruiting during the past year. There's Scranton—fourteen new members in October. There's Attleboro—an increase during 1923 from 350 to 429 members. As a matter of fact nearly all of our schools gained in numbers, which is a good reason why they should gain more in the months to come.

* *

OHIO WILL READ

Friends in the Buckeye State are putting on their spectacles. The State Association is determined to have a working force that shall be up-to-date in regard to ideas and methods and it recognizes the profit that can be gained from good reading.

It therefore is sending its people to the Loan Library of the General Association with special promises for fidelity. To any school whose pastor and superintendent will read two books on Sunday school work, the State Association will present one book, locally chosen, for its reference library. And to any school that will report that a hundred per cent of its officers and teachers have read two books each a similar reward will be made.

Miss Cheney has sent out the details of this plan and the Ohio workers are taking notice. Their applications are already making us hustle at headquarters.

* *

THE HONOR ROLL INCREASES

The company of the faithful, as reported, is growing rapidly. Hearty congratulations are extended to the following friends, all of whom have more than completed the required five years of perfect attendance.

Bridgeport, Conn. Six years: Miss Theo Van Tassel. Five years, Misses Dorothy Belding, Hazel Smith and Mildred Smith. Mrs. Janet H. Blackford, parish worker at Bridgeport, has missed but nine Sundays in twenty-five years from either church or Sunday school, and those absences have been on account of illness or of death in the family.

Attleboro, Mass. Miss Kate Goff, ten years. Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Pennoyer have missed no Sundays in eight years except when out of the city.

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GOOD ADVERTISERS

Pastor Taylor at Wausau, Wis., is a persistent and clever advertiser of church and Sunday school; and Pastor Price, of Cincinnati, is another. It will pay any one to write to these wide-awake men for samples of their printed matter. There are others, many others, who share their wisdom—pre-eminently Pastor Hersey, of Muncie, Ind., and Pastor Moulton of Fort Plain, New York.

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INSTITUTES OF PACIFIC WORKERS

Our Unitarian fellow-laborers have arranged a series of unusually attractive institutes for religious education for western workers and very graciously have invited Universalists to attend them. The dates and places are as follows: April 19-25, Los Angeles; April 26-May 2, Berkeley; May 6-12, Seattle.

Full information may be obtained by addressing Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, 160-614 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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OTHER BANGORIANS

The perfect attendance for twelve years and fourteen years respectively of Miss Lillie E. Tucker and Miss L. Almena Ferguson, of Bangor, Maine, has been mentioned in this column. Now it appears that they have had companions in their faithfulness and blessing. Miss Mattie Trask has missed no Sunday in five years, Miss Martha Holmes, Mr. Harold Holmes and Mr. Robert Smith in seven years, Miss Sarah Woodman in eight years, Miss Evelyn Fraser in nine years, Mrs. G. H. Fraser in ten years, and Mr. Byron Maxfield in twelve years.

So again is exemplified the old doctrine of "the perseverance of the saints."

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Chapin Home.—The Golden Jubilee of the Home was observed with fitting and inspiring ceremony, Saturday, March 2. Mrs. Ruel S. Darling, the efficient and beloved president, presided. Mrs. George W. Pierce, who for fifty years has been a working trustee, was presented with an illuminated address of congratulation and good-will, Mr. Wm. B. Thom, who was the chief agent in securing the Jamaica site and who rendered invaluable service, told the story of the removal from Manhattan and the erection of the present property, costing nearly half a million dollars. Mr. C. Neal Barney made declaration that the Chapin Home was a good-will offering of the Universalist people. Dr. J. Fort Newton pictured the Home as a monument to Dr. and Mrs. Chapin, and described the peculiar relation between the Home and the Church of the Divine Paternity. It was his privilege to present an enlarged photograph of our blessed friend—and one of the saints of this world—Mrs. Sarah S. Cooper. The tribute of the great preacher to a woman so universally loved was tender, gracious, sincere. It was the young daughter of Dr. Newton who said after a visit to dear Mrs. Cooper: "She has the shine of heaven in her face." Dr. Arthur W. Grose emphasized the full-orbed humanity of Dr. Chapin. He was a man of cheery comradeship, sweet and joyous, and it is this spirit that is living in the Home to-day. Dr. Andrew MacGill, of the Jamaica Presbyterian Church and a most popular man at the Home, gave the welcome that has been extended to everything good by his church for 260 years. He reveled in the catholicity of spirit at the Home, pictured it as one of the show places of Jamaica, and described the members of the Home family as guests of refinement and culture. Mr. Wm. T. Boardman paid a tribute to the founders, and pledged himself to larger and more generous neighborliness. Dr. Rose said that the two great discoveries of the last fifty years were radio and brotherhood. The radio is illustrating that God can be somewhere and everywhere, and brotherhood is man at his best. The Cooper Chapel was thronged and as many more were without, revealing in part the high regard and friendship of men and women of all churches for one of the blessed and blessing institutions of the Universalist Church. The Chapin Home has won our pride, and richly deserves our generous support. * * **Divine Paternity.**—The annual church service of the Sons of the American Revolution was held Feb. 18, Dr. Newton preaching upon "Jesus and the State." On March 11 the preacher's subject was "Fifth Avenue Heresy." Dr. Newton has far more calls than he possibly can fill. Summit, Morristown, Syracuse, Stamford, Indianapolis and other places have or will receive the benefit of Dr. Newton's word. His brethren of New York City rejoice in the splendid and deserved tributes from Washington and Bangor to the dominating ability of the minister of the Divine Paternity. He has won great and enduring success in the most stubborn field of America—the Metropolis City—preaching each Sunday to large and increasing congregations. Dr. Newton is loved by his brother ministers for the sincerity, grace and brotherliness of a sun-crowned manhood. Rev. Helene Ulrich, assistant minister, has extended the borders of the parish, as addresses at Tarrytown, Springfield and Baltimore attest. Her work with the Children's Church is effective. * * **Washington Heights.**—Here is the report of parish activities from Rev. Mr. Harris. St. Patrick's Day Dance, Grand Opera by "Cinema Players," concert by Heights artists, fair and luncheon. The church is "always filled" on Sunday evenings to the illustrated dramas, Mr. Harris preaching sermonettes upon the elements of the Universalist faith. * * **Metropolitan Alliance.**—At the meeting in the Church of Good Tidings, Rev. Maude Lyon Cary delivered a fervent, awakening address upon "The Religion of the Future of the Races." It was a presentation of world needs, with a moving plea to Universalists to live their faith. Mr. Herbert E. Muller made a winning presentation of the great church enterprise of to-day—at Washington and in Japan. Next meeting at Mt. Vernon, Friday, April 13. * * **Good Tidings.**—Mr. Gibbs is meeting with increasing success in the special evening services, using the lantern in picturing the dramas of the day. The church calendar has been changed that it may easily be sent through the mail. The annual entertainment of the Y. P. C. U. Feb. 27—a drama, "13 Plus"—was given to an audience that taxed the capacity of the vestry. The union Good Friday service will be held in Good Tidings. * * **All Souls.**—Dr. Grose has caused to be printed a clear statement of the finances of the church and a call to continued and increased support and co-operation. The church is alive with entertainments—Easter breakfast, Tom Thumb Wedding, Men's Club dinner, Fique Choral concert, play, "Billy's Bungalow," basket-ball contest. Dr. Grose has accepted an appointment on the Social Service Commission of the Brooklyn Federation of Churches. This work will receive decided benefit from the knowledge and experience of the Flatbush minister. * * **A Live Class.**—A Brooklyn Congregational church has a Sunday morning class of men. At a recent session letters were read from Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, Dr. H. E. Fosdick and Dr. S. P. Cadman agreeing upon the two fundamental beliefs which form the minimum acceptances any Christian can make. These two beliefs were: Belief in God as the Creator of the Universe and father of all men. Belief in Jesus as the highest expression of God in the flesh and the highest model for daily living. Not one person voted "Aye" when the question was asked: "How many present believe in the Bible literally?" Three-quarters agreed that they at one time did. All agreed that superstition and tradition have crept into passages in the Bible. Three-quarters of the members voted that they had no need of the miracles narrated in the Bible to aid them in their faith. An equal number voted that a belief in the virgin birth of Christ was not at all essential. * * **Our Father.**—The twenty-first year of the present pastorate began March 18. The quartette—one of the best in Brooklyn—gave a remarkably fine concert March 1st. This parish has lost a loyal friend, devoted attendant and generous supporter in the death of Mrs. Thomas S. Blankley. Mrs. Blankley was a communicant of the Episcopal Church for many years. It was a happy hour when the gracious and elect woman became a helper in the Church of Our Father. She was beloved by all.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

Connecticut

New Haven.—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., pastor. March 12, Monday, at their home, Dr. Fischer baptized six persons, three adults and three children. They represented four generations—the three children, their father, their grandmother and their great-grandmother.

Illinois

Mt. Vernon.—Rev. Armon Cheek, pastor. Until early last summer we had had no services in two or three years. Rev. Armon Cheek of Canon, Ga., came to our rescue with plenty of "pep" and real Universalist sermons. Just recently we put on a picture at the local theater here for the benefit of the church, and it was a success, netting us over $100. This sum will be used for the repairing of the church. The pastor is to conduct a series of special meetings beginning Monday night before the fifth Sunday in April. Rev. Lucy Markley of Chicago came down a few months ago and organized a Sun-

ay school which has been going well ver since. We hope to report big things or Mt. Vernon in the future.

Massachusetts

Malden.—Rev. C. J. Cowing, pastor. The annual parish meeting was held March 12, preceded by a good supper, erved by the Ladies' Social. Reports rom the different societies showed the hurch to be in a good, healthy condition. The Sunday school reported seventeen lasses with a total membership of over 00. The school is without a superin-endent at present, but it is hoped that he right man will soon be found. The reasury showed a healthy condition of he finances, with a balance on hand. The Y. P. C. U., though small in numbers, s a live body of young people. In addi-ion to the regular weekly meetings, a unrise Service was held at Easter, a andle-light Service at Christmas, and he young people took charge of the . P. C. U. Day in the church. The unior Y. P. C. U. has changed its hour of eeting to that of the morning service. wenty-four names are on the Cradle oll. The Whatsoever Club, the young omen's club, gave a splendid report of s work. Among its many gifts for its haritable work, it included board for a hild at a hospital, School of Religious ducation, Near East Fund, Bethany nion, King's Daughters, Boy Scouts, amp-fire Girls, etc. This society holds onthly suppers for its members, in ad-ition to an annual church banquet, alendar supper and progressive dinner. The Mission Circle, with a membership of orty-eight, shows good work done. The ck and those in sorrow have received alls, letters and flowers. One evening eeting was held with a result of several ew associate members. The apportion-ent to the State Convention has been aid, also many other gifts. The church easurer gave a very interesting report, owing that the parish closed the year ith current bills all paid. The com-nation of snow and rain prevented many om attending the meeting, but the oodly number who were there enjoyed e fine report of the pastor.

Warren.—Rev. Olney I. Darling, pas-r. A severe winter limits attendance church to the well and the strong, but rvices have been regularly held, and the d-letter days duly observed. Once a ear the minister is asked to federate, and is surmised that a sister Protestant ongregation is willing to buy the Uni-ersalist meeting-house. In either event, ho would declare the full and complete spel of God's eternal love?

New York

Albion.—The annual parish supper and usiness meeting was held Jan. 31, this xed date being the anniversary of the edication of our church. Rev. Wm. W. ose of Rochester was the speaker of the ening and gave a very interesting talk, following the supper. Officers were elected and reports of the various depart-ments showed them to be in good financial condition. Our pastor and a layman at-tended the State Ministers' Institute Feb. 6 to 8. The Sunday school held its annual supper and party on Washington's Birthday. Tables were seated for classes with teacher, one hundred and ten being present. We are eagerly looking forward to Dr. Huntley's visit soon. Our Ladies' Aid and Mission Circle received a visit on March 6 from the Field Secretary, Miss Andrews, who gave an instructive talk on our mission work. The ladies of our parish were treated to a substantial sup-per by the men March 12; this supper was prepared entirely by the men and was greatly enjoyed by all, one hundred and forty being served. A social hour fol-lowed in the parlors.

Utica.—Rev. L. C. Nichols, pastor. Utica has suffered severely from the coal famine this winter. No services have been held in the church auditorium since Christmas Sunday and it has been very difficult even to get enough coal to keep the parish house heated. We have been under a great handicap in all church ac-tivities. Now since warmer weather has come a great many things have been planned. The Mendelssohn Quartet (our own) is to give a popular concert in the church on Tuesday evening, April 3, under the auspices of the Clara Barton Guild. The Men's Club has been active with two meetings in March, at one of which A. J. Derbyshire of the Americaniz-ation Council was the speaker. The club is planning a big minstrel show for the last of April. The Ladies' Aid Society is to hold a big rummage sale in a down town store during the last week of April. Congregations have been good even if meetings were held in the parish house dining room. The Sunday school under the able leadership of Mr. Ralph Jones has been very active and prosperous throughout the season. A good attend-ance has marked each session.

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BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The speaker at the meeting on March 19 was Rev. Stanley G. Spear of Roxbury, whose subject was Easter services.

The next meeting will be held on April 9, and the speaker will be Rev. Fred A. Moore of Brookline.

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VISITATION WEEK AT THE HARVARD THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

The Theological School in Harvard University announces a Visitation Week program for April 3, 4 and 5. The prin-cipal speakers will be Dean Willard L. Sperry, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, D. D., Prof. James Bissett Pratt, Mark Hopkins Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at Williams College, Talcott Williams, Dr. George LaPiana of the Theological School Faculty, Rev. Frederick H. Page, D. D., President George E. Horr, D. D., of the Newton Theological Institution, and Prof. Henry Cadbury of the Theological School Faculty.

* * *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	45
Webster City, Iowa	3
Total	48

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 4. Lowell, Mass., Grace, 2. Total, 6.

* *

RHODE ISLAND CONFERENCE

The Rhode Island Conference met at Murray Church, Attleboro, Mass., Thurs-day, March 8, and was well attended. Rev. C. H. Pennoyer presided.

The first speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Hasbrouck, field secretary of the National Child Welfare Association.

Rev. Fred C. Leining of Providence, chose for his subject "The Church Aglow." He emphasized the need of enthusiasm in all branches of church work, and ended a very interesting address by giving us the following rules to follow:

"Magnify our church affiliation."

"Rave about Universalism."

"Be a red hot Universalist."

"Tell the world what your church has done for you."

Rev. H. E. Latham of North Attleboro opened the discussion following these addresses. The keynote of his talk was that the Protestant churches are trying to do too much. In this day of special-ization the work of the church leader should be Spiritualization of the Church. The church needs men with a message. Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, on the other hand, claimed that Social Welfare is the work of the church.

During the discussion that followed Rev. Dean Ellenwood of Woonsocket told how enthusiastic he is about his work, in a field where there is so much to be done in a social way. He referred to the new plant his parish is to have and told us that the parish house would be erected first—and used as a church as well as a social center until the church itself goes up.

Mr. Austin Street gave well selected tenor solos, accompanied by Miss Lillian Webb at the organ, during the afternoon and evening.

After a delightful supper furnished by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, the evening session was opened by prayer by Rev. Dean Ellenwood. Mr. Pennoyer then introduced the speaker of the eve-ning, Vernon Blagbrough, National Cham-ber of Commerce field secretary, and newly elected leader of Massachusetts Universalist Comrades. His talk was interesting, instructive and inspiring. He said that a working faith in the first two

principles of Universalism, more than any thing else will help solve the social problems of the day. He also suggested that the church come out fairly and squarely as regards the eighteenth amendment, as the hope of our democracy and Christianity rests upon popular respect for the law.

The session closed at 8 p. m.

* *

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

The Boston Universalist Club is fifty years old. Its members and friends fittingly observed its semi-centennial by a banquet at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Monday evening, March 12.

In the absence of the president, Mr William R. Thomson, Judge Oscar A. Marden, the vice-president, acted as toastmaster. After paying tribute to the ladies who were guests of the club, Judge Marden introduced Prof. Charles E. Fay of Tufts College, a charter member of the club and an honored member of the college faculty for nearly sixty years.

Professor Fay recalled the early history of the club and urged its present members to the same devotion to the principles of Universalism as was manifested by those whose names are associated with the early years of the organization. He urged his hearers to remember that Universalism means a universal religion and that we ought to be doing all in our power to cause our country to take its rightful share in the rebuilding of a shattered world.

Dr. R. Perry Bush recounted events of his early membership in the club, in the days when he attended the Sunday school fifty years ago in the church on Columbus Avenue. He lamented the fact that the sacrifices made during the World War had not set the world aright, decried the narrowness and sectarianism of to-day, and said that only righteousness and the high purpose of religion could bring about the solution of the problems made world-wide because of war.

Hosea Starr Ballou, president of the Universalist Historical Society, gave a *resume* of the work of the organization during its half century, pointing out how large a part it had played in determining the course of Universalist institutions in and about Boston.

President John A. Cousens of Tufts College emphasized the significant fact that those who founded this club were among the founders of Tufts College and expressed the hope that the bond between the college and its Universalist supporters would strengthen with the years.

Arthur W. Peirce, principal of Dean Academy, was the closing speaker.

During its fifty years the club has had a total membership of 550. For many years its membership was limited, but it is now open to Universalist ministers and laymen without restriction. Its present enrollment of something over a hundred includes the leading Universalists of greater Boston.

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Notices

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The thirteenth meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals will be held in Baltimore, Md., March 23-25, with the following program:

March 23, Friends' Meeting House, Park Ave. and Laurens St. 2 p. m. Business meeting. 3 p. m. Opening Prayer, Rabbi Harvey E. Wessel, Baltimore. Greeting, Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore. Paper, "The Permanent Significance of Miracles," Prof. C. Sturgis Ball, Baltimore. Paper, "The Bible's Appeal to Conscience," Prof. R. P. Doughtery, Goucher College, Baltimore.

8 p. m. Eutaw Place Temple, Eutaw Place and Lanvale Street. Regular Synagogue Service. Address, "What Is Fundamental?" Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, president of the Federation. Informal Reception after meeting.

March 24, First Unitarian Church, Franklin and Charles Sts. 2 p. m. Election of officers. 3 p. m. Paper, "Unity Among Liberals." Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, Philadelphia. Address, "A Working Federation of Religious Liberals," Rev. S. G. Dunham, Providence, R. I.

8 p. m. Public Meeting, First Unitarian Church. Address, "The True Principle of Religious Fellowship," Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president American Unitarian Association, Boston.

March 25. 11 a. m. Divine Services at all local churches participating in the Conference.

3.30 p. m. Ford's Theater—Large Interdenominational service. Presiding, Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, Swarthmore. Subjects for Discussion: "The Liberal Religious Attitude and the Solution of the World Problem." As Applied to Racial Antagonisms, Dr. J. O. Spencer, Morgan College. As Applied to Denominational Differences, Rev. Harry F. Burns, Baltimore. As Applied to Civic Righteousness, Dr. Wm. Rosenau, Baltimore. As Applied to Industrial Conflicts, Rabbi Morris Lazaron, Baltimore. As Applied to the Establishment of World Peace, Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore.

8 p. m. Mass Meeting, Madison Avenue Temple, Madison Ave. and Robert St. Address, "The Meaning of Christianity," Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert, Union Theological Seminary, New York. Address, "The Function of the Liberal Movement," Dr. Abram Simon, Washington.

* *

PROVIDENCE 1923 CONVENTION

The Board of Trustees, through its chairman, has appointed the following as a general Committee of Arrangements for the next session of the Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923: President Roger S. Galer, Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., and Secretary Roger F. Etz, with representatives from Providence to be added.

Suggestions to be considered by the Committee will be welcomed. Send correspondence to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

CONNECTICUT Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

The annual convention of the Connecticut State Y. P. C. U. will be held in New Haven, on Friday and Saturday, April 13 and 14, beginning Friday, at 4 p. m.

Ronald L. Brown.

* *

SENDING MONEY TO JAPAN

The General Convention is always glad to forward money to any of our workers in Japan from individuals or organizations. Those who desire to send money direct to Japan will find that the simplest and easiest way to send small amounts is by Postal Money Order. These may be obtained at most money order post offices throughout the country for either dollars or yen. This is a more convenient form for small sums than a bank draft, as it may be cashed more easily in Japan by the recipient.

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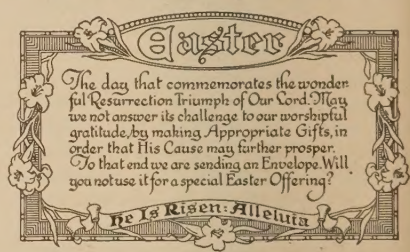
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Crackling

If the influenza germ has been isolated, we hope they keep it that way.—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

* *

The most satisfactory substitute for coal is spring.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

* *

"The reckless driver must go," proclaims Mark Sullivan. But why must he go so fast?—*Weston Leader.*

* *

Traffic Cop (signaling): "Come on! What's the matter with you?"

Truck Driver: "I'm well, thanks. But my engine's dead."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

The Professor: "Let us take the example of the busy ant. He is busy all the time. He works all day and every day. Then what happens?"

The Bright One: "He gits stepped on."—*Christian Register.*

* *

In a Western hotel the other day there was a reunion of World War heroes, when the head clerk, who was a first lieutenant, called the porter, who was his captain, and the head waiter, who was a lieutenant-colonel, and had them throw out a former general who was cluttering up the chairs in the lobby.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

* *

"I hear your sister got hurt, Willie. Anything serious?"

"Nope. We were just playing a game to see who could lean the furthest out the winder—and she won."—*Book of Smiles.*

* *

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But if I marry your daughter I don't very well see how I can get out of it."—*Book of Smiles.*

* *

An American lady was visiting Paris with her daughter Mary. One day at dinner she thought she would like some horse-radish, which she pronounced horse-redish. "Mary," she said to her daughter, "I'd like some horse-redish; ask the waiter, will you?" Mary did not know the French word. "But," said the old lady, "cheval is horse, and rouge is red; now if I only knew what ish was we'd have it."—*Exchange.*

* *

Buddy was up before the disability board. The pompous alienist was asking him a long string of questions to determine his mental condition and Buddy was rapidly getting disgusted.

"Quick," shouted the celebrated doc, "tell me this: How many legs has a lobster?"

Buddy looked at him crushingly before replying.

"For the luvva Mike," he said, "is *that* all you got to worry about?"—*The American Legion Weekly.*

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